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THE

ART-JOURNAL.



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3. GOLDSMITH. Engraved by G. STODART, from the Statue by J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1865.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is a wild March day,—the 20th; and very probably, due course of English Spring will bring as wild a May-day by the time this writing meets any one's eyes; but at all events, as yet the days are rough, and as I look out of my fitfully lighted window into the garden, everything seems in a singular hurry. The dead leaves; and yonder two living ones, on the same stalk, tumbling over and over each other on the lawn, like a quaint mechanical toy; and the fallen sticks from the rooks' nests, and the twisted straws out of the stable-yard—all going one way, in the hastiest manner! The puffs of steam, moreover, which pass under the wooded hills where what used to be my sweetest field-walk ends now, prematurely, in an abyss of blue clay; and which signify, in their silvery expiring between the successive trunks of wintry trees, that some human beings, thereabouts, are in a hurry as well as the sticks and straws, and, having fastened themselves to the tail of a manageable breeze, are being blown down to Folkstone.

In the general effect of these various passages and passengers, as seen from my quiet room, they look all very much alike. One begins seriously to question with oneself whether those passengers by the Folkstone train are in truth one whit more in a hurry than the dead leaves. The difference consists, of course, in the said passengers knowing where they are going to, and why; and having resolved to go there—which, indeed, as far as Folkstone, may, perhaps, properly distinguish them from the leaves: but will it distinguish them any farther? Do many of them know what they are going to Folkstone for?—what they are going anywhere for? and where, at last, by sum of all the days' journeys, of which this glittering transit is one, they are going for peace? For if they know not this, certainly they are no more making haste than the straws are. Perhaps swiftly going the wrong way; more likely going no way—any way, as the winds and their own wills, wider than the winds, dictate; to find themselves at last at the end which would have come to them quickly enough without their seeking.

And, indeed, this is a very preliminary question to all measurement of the rate of going, this “where to?” or, even before that, “are we going on at all?”—“getting on” (as the world says) on any road whatever? Most men's eyes are so fixed on the mere swirl of the wheel of their fortunes, and their souls so vexed at the reversed cadences of it, when they come, that they forget to ask if the curve they have been carried through on its circumference was circular or cycloidal; whether they

have been bound to the ups and downs of a mill-wheel or of a chariot-wheel.

That phrase, of “getting on,” so perpetually on our lips (as indeed it should be), do any of us take it to our hearts, and seriously ask where we can get on to? That instinct of hurry has surely good grounds. It is all very well for lazy and nervous people (like myself for instance) to retreat into tubs, and holes, and corners, anywhere out of the dust, and wonder within ourselves, “what all the fuss can be about?” The fussy people might have the best of it, if they know their end. Suppose they were to answer this March or May morning thus:—“Not bestir ourselves, indeed! and the spring sun up these four hours!—and this first of May, 1865, never to come back again; and of Firsts of May in perspective, supposing ourselves to be ‘nel mezzo del cammin,’ perhaps some twenty or twenty-five to be, not without presumption, hoped for, and by no means calculated upon. Say, twenty of them, with their following groups of summer days; and though they may be long, one cannot make much more than sixteen hours a-piece out of them, poor sleepy wretches that we are; for even if we get up at four, we must go to bed while the red yet stays from the sunset: and half the time we are awake, we must be lying among haystacks, or playing at something, if we are wise; not to speak of eating, and previously earning whereof to eat, which takes time: and then, how much of us and of our day will be left for getting on? Shall we have a seventh, or even a tithe, of our twenty-four hours?—two hours and twenty-four minutes clear, a day, or, roughly, a thousand hours a year, and (violently presuming on fortune, as we said) twenty years of working life: twenty thousand hours to get on in, altogether? Many men would think it hard to be limited to an utmost twenty thousand pounds for their fortunes, but here is a sterner limitation; the Pactolus of time, sand, and gold together, would, with such a fortune, count us a pound an hour, through our real and serviceable life. If this time capital would reproduce itself! and for our twenty thousand hours we could get some rate of interest, if well spent? At all events, we will do something with them; not lie moping out of the way of the dust, as you do.”

A sufficient answer, indeed; yet, friends, if you would make a little less dust, perhaps we should all see our way better. But I am ready to take the road with you, if you mean it so seriously—only let us at least consider where we are now, at starting.

Here, on a little spinning, askew-axed thing we call a planet—(impertinently enough, since we are far more planetary ourselves). A round, rusty, rough little metallic ball—very hard to live upon; most of it much too hot or too cold: a couple of narrow habitable belts about it, which, to wandering spirits, must look like the places where it has got damp, and green-mouldy, with accompanying small activities of animal life in the midst of the lichen. Explosive gases, seemingly, inside it, and possibilities of very sudden dispersion.

This is where we are; and round about us, there seem to be more of such balls, variously heated and chilled, ringed and mooned, moved, and comforted; the whole giddy group of us forming an atom in a milky mist, itself another atom in a shoreless phosphorescent sea of such Volvoces and Medusae.

Whereupon one would first

ask, have we any chance of getting off this ball of ours, and getting on to one of those finer ones? Wise people say we have, and that it is very wicked to think otherwise. So we will think no otherwise; but, with their permission, think nothing about the matter now, since it is certain that the more we make of our little rusty world, such as it is, the more chance we have of being one day promoted into a merrier one.

And even on this rusty and mouldy Earth, there appear to be things which may be seen with pleasure, and things which might be done with advantage. The stones of it have strange shapes; the plants and the beasts of it strange ways. Its air is coinable into wonderful sounds; its light into manifold colours: the trees of it bring forth pippins, and the fields cheese (though both of these may be, in a finer sense, “to come”). There are bright eyes upon it which reflect the light of other eyes quite singularly; and foolish feelings to be cherished upon it; and gladdening of dust by neighbour dust, not easily explained, but pleasant, and which take time to win. One would like to know something of all this, I suppose?—to divide one's score of thousand hours as shrewdly as might be. Ten minutes to every herb of the field is not much; yet we shall not know them all, so, before the time comes to be made grass of ourselves! Half an hour for every crystalline form of clay and flint, and we shall be near the need of shaping the grey flint stone that is to weigh upon our foot. And we would fain dance a measure or two before that cumber is laid upon them: there having been hitherto much piping to which we have not danced. And we must leave time for loving, if we are to take Marmontel's wise peasant's word for it, “Il n'y a de bon que c'a!” And if there should be fighting to do also? and weeping? and much burying? truly, we had better make haste.

Which means, simply, that we must lose neither strength nor moment. Hurry is not haste; but economy is, and rightness is. Whatever is rightly done stays with us, to support another right beyond, or higher up: whatever is wrongly done, vanishes; and by the blank, betrays what we would have built above. Wasting no word, no thought, no doing, we shall have speed enough; but then there is that farther question, what shall we do?—what we are fittest (worthiest, that is) to do, and what is best worth doing? Not that word, “worthy,” both of the man and the thing, for the two dignities go together. Is it worth the pains? Are we worth the task? The dignity of a man depends wholly upon this harmony. If his task is above him, he will be undignified in failure; if he is above it, he will be undignified in success. His own composure and nobleness must be according to the composure of his thought to his toil.

As I was dreaming over this, my eyes fell by chance on a page of my favourite thirteenth century psalter, just where two dragons, one with red legs, and another with green,—one with a blue tail on a purple ground, and the other with a rosy tail on a golden ground, follow the verse, “Quis ascendet in montem Domini,” and begin the solemn “Qui non accepit in vano animam suam.” Who hath not lift up his soul unto vanity, we have it; and *τασσεται παρατη*, the Greeks (not that I know what that means accurately): broadly, they all mean, “who has not received nor given his soul in vain,” this is the man who can make haste, even up hill, the only haste worth making; and it must be up the right hill, too: not that Corinthian



Acropolis, of which, I suppose, the white spectre stood eighteen hundred feet high, in Hades, for Sisyphus to roll his fantastic stone up—image, himself, for ever of the greater part of our wise mortal work.

Now all this time, whatever the reader may think, I have never for a moment lost sight of that original black line with which is our own special business. The patience, the speed, the dignity, we can give to that, the choice to be made of subject for it, are the matters I want to get at. You think, perhaps, that an engraver's function is one of no very high dignity;—does not involve a serious choice of work. Consider a little of it. Here is a steel point, and 'tis like Job's "iron pen"—and you are going to cut into steel with it, in a most deliberate way, as into the rock for ever. And this scratch or inscription of yours will be seen of a multitude of eyes. It is not like a single picture or a single wall painting; this multipliable work will pass through thousand thousand hands, strengthen and inform innumerable souls, if it be worthy, vivify the folly of thousands if unworthy. Remember, also, it will mix in the very closest manner in domestic life. This engraving will not be gossiped over and fluttered past at private views of academies; listlessly sauntered by in corners of great galleries. Ah, no! This will hang over parlour chimney-pieces—shed down its hourly influence on children's forenoon work. This will hang in little luminous corners by sick beds; mix with flickering dreams by candlelight, and catch the first rays from the window's "glimmering square." You had better put something good into it! I do not know a more solemn field of labour than that *champ d'acier*. From a pulpit, perhaps a man can only reach one or two people, for that time,—even your book, once carelessly read, probably goes into a book-case catacomb, and is thought of no more. But this; taking the eye unawares again and again, and always again: persisting and inevitable! where will you look for a chance of saying something nobly, if it is not here?

And the choice is peculiarly free; to you of all men most free. An artist, at first invention, cannot always choose what shall come into his mind, nor know what it will eventually turn into. But you, professed copyists, unless you have mistaken your profession, have the power of governing your own thoughts and of following and interpreting the thoughts of others. Also, you see the work to be done put plainly before you; you can deliberately choose what seems to you best, out of myriads of examples of perfect Art. You can count the cost accurately; saying, "It will take me a year—two years—five—a fourth or fifth, probably, of my remaining life, to do this." Is the thing worth it? There is no excuse for choosing wrongly; no other men whatever have data so full, and position so firm, for forecast of their labour.

I put my psalter aside (not, observe, vouching for its red and green dragons:—men lifted up their souls to vanity sometimes in the thirteenth as in the nineteenth century), and I take up, instead, a book of English verses, published—there is no occasion to say when. It is full of costliest engravings—large, skilful, appallingly laborious; dotted into textures like the dust on a lily leaf,—smoothed through gradations like clouds,—graved to surfaces like mother-of-pearl; and by all this toil there is set forth for the delight of English women, a series of the basest dreams that ungoverned feminine imagination can coin in sickliest indolence,—ball-room amours, combats of curled knights, pilgrimages of

disguised girl-pages, romantic pieties, charities in costume,—a mass of disguised sensuality and feverish vanity—impotent, pestilential, prurient, scented with a venomous elixir, and rouged with a deadly dust of outward good; and all this done, as such things only can be done, in a boundless ignorance of all natural veracity; the faces falsely drawn—the lights falsely cast—the forms effaced or distorted, and all common human wit and sense extinguished in the vicious scum of lying sensation.

And this, I grieve to say, is only a characteristic type of a large mass of popular English work. This is what we spend our Teutonic lives, in engraving with an iron pen in the rock for ever; this, the passion of the Teutonic woman (as opposed to Virgilia), just as fox-hunting is the passion of the Teutonic man, as opposed to Valerius.

And while we deliberately spend all our strength, and all our tenderness, all our skill, and all our money, in doing, relishing, buying, this absolute Wrongness, of which nothing can ever come but disease in heart and brain, remember that all the mighty works of the great painters of the world, full of life, truth, and blessing, remain to this present hour of the year 1865 unengraved! There literally exists no earnestly studied and fully accomplished engraving of any very great work, except Leonardo's *Cena*. No large Venetian picture has ever been thoroughly engraved. Of Titian's *Peter Martyr*, there is even no worthy memorial transcript but *Le Febre's*. The *Cartoons* have been multiplied in false readings; never in faithful ones till lately by photography. Of the *Disputa* and the *Par-nassus*, what can the English public know? of the thoughtful Florentines and Milanese, of Ghirlandajo, and Luini, and their accompanying hosts—what do they yet so much as care to know?

"The English public will not pay," you reply, "for engravings from the great masters. The English public will only pay for pictures of itself; of its races, its rifle-meetings, its rail stations, its parlour-passions, and kitchen interests; you must make your bread as you may, by holding the mirror to it."

Friends, there have been hard fighting and heavy sleeping, this many a day, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the cause, as you suppose, of Freedom against slavery; and you are all, open-mouthed, expecting the glories of Black Emancipation. Perhaps a little White Emancipation on this side of the water might be still more desirable, and more easily and guiltlessly won.

Do you know what slavery means? Suppose a gentleman taken by a Barbary corsair—set to field-work; chained and flogged to it from dawn to eve. Need he be a slave therefore? By no means; he is but a hardly-treated prisoner. There is some work which the Barbary corsair will not be able to make him do; such work as a Christian gentleman may not do, that he will not, though he die for it. Bound and scourged he may be, but he has heard of a Person's being bound and scourged before now, who was not therefore a slave. He is not a whit more slave for that. But suppose he take the pirate's pay, and stretch his back at piratical oars, for due salary, how then? Suppose for fitting price he betray his fellow prisoners, and take up the scourge instead of enduring it—become the smiter instead of the smitten, at the African's bidding—how then? Of all the sheepish notions in our English public "mind," I think the simplest is that slavery is neutralised when you are well paid for it! Whereas it is precisely that fact of its being

paid for which makes it complete. A man who has been sold by another, may be but half a slave or none; but the man who has sold himself! He is the accurately Finished Bondsman.

And gravely I say that I know no captivity so sorrowful as that of an artist doing, consciously, bad work for pay. It is the servilem of the finest gifts—of all that should lead and master men, offering itself to be spit upon, and that for a bribe. There is much servilem, in Europe, of speakers and writers, but they only sell words; and their talk, even honestly uttered, might not have been worth much; it will not be thought of ten years hence; still less a hundred years hence. No one will buy our parliamentary speeches to keep in portfolios this time next century; and if people are weak enough now to pay for any special and flattering cadence of syllable, it is little matter. But you, with your painfully acquired power, your unwearied patience, your admirable and manifold gifts, your eloquence in black and white, which people will buy, if it is good (and has a broad margin), for fifty guineas a copy—in the year 2000; to sell it all, as *Ananias his land*, "yea, for so much," and hold yourselves at every fool's beck, with your ready points, polished and sharp, hastening to scratch what *he* wills! To bite permanent mischief in with acid; to spread an inked infection of evil all your days, and pass away at last from a life of the skilfullest industry—having done whatsoever your hand found (remuneratively) to do, with your might, and a great might, but with cause to thank God only for this—that the end of it all has at last come, and that "there is no device nor work in the Grave." One would get quit of *this* servitude, I think, though we reached the place of Rest a little sooner, and reached it fasting.

My English fellow-workmen, you have the name of liberty often on your lips; get the fact of it oftener into your business; talk of it less, and try to understand it better. You have given students many copy-books of free-hand outlines—give them a few of free *heart* outlines.

It appears, however, that you do not intend to help me with any utterance respecting these same outlines.* Be it so: I must make out what I can by myself. And under the influence of the Solstitial sign of June I will go backwards, or askance, to the practical part of the business, where I left it, three months ago, and take up that question first, touching Liberty, and the relation of the loose swift line to the resolute slow one, and of the etched line to the engraved one. It is a worthy question, for the open field afforded by illustrated works is tempting even to our best painters, and many an earnest hour and active fancy spend and speak themselves in the black line, vigorously enough, and dramatically, at all events: if wisely, may be considered. The French also are throwing great passion into their *eaux fortes*—working with a vivid haste and dark, brilliant freedom, which looks as if they etched with very energetic waters indeed—quite waters of life (it does not look so well, written in French). So we will take, with the reader's permission, for text next month, "Rembrandt, and strong waters."

J. RUSKIN.

* I have received some interesting private letters, but cannot make use of them at present, because they enter into general discussion instead of answering the specific question I asked, respecting the power of the black line; and I must observe to correspondents that in future their letters should be addressed to the Editor of this Journal, not to me; as I do not wish to incur the responsibility of selection.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
SUFFOLK STREET.

THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The present exhibition has been justly accepted as an improvement upon its immediate predecessors. There is no reason whatever, indeed, why the Society of British Artists should not regain the confidence of the profession, and the approval of the public. Since the foundation of this association, forty-two years ago, painters have multiplied their numbers, and patrons augmented their wealth beyond all previous precedent. A spacious gallery, such as that in Suffolk Street, ought certainly in these days to find no difficulty in obtaining works above mediocrity, or in attracting visitors possessed of means which might enrich the exchequer. The obvious functions of this exhibition, which, confessedly, does not reach first class, need not lack practical utility. There is a vast number of painters in the country, of respectable talents, who must live, and by living and working from year to year, may rise from mediocrity to distinction; and there is at the same time, likewise, a multitude of wealth-making merchants, together with whole colonies of newly-built tenements and villas, which demand, almost as a necessary of life, a supply of fairly good pictures at reasonable prices. The Suffolk Street Exhibition, then, as distinguished from the Academy and the Old Water-Colour Society, has a distinctive line of operation, which may secure success to itself, and prove of service to the Art-consumer. As a mart where producers can sell their wares, Suffolk Street has no mean mission. To the friends of the exhibition, it must be satisfactory to know that this, the speciality of the Society, admits of being worked to still greater profit. The collection which now falls under our review—though an improvement upon many that have gone before—is yet not so good as it ought to be. The bane which besets other like enterprises, blights the energy of this age-decrepid body. The vested interests of old members, who cling in decaying years to their accustomed haunts, and claim prescriptive rights to the snug places they have long occupied, but not honoured,—these, the plague-spots of all venerable organisations, have well-nigh stricken the Society of British Artists, not to incipient decay only, but to dissolution and death. Still, while there remains life, there is hope; and now that the patient is seen to rally, we may cherish the belief that the worst is already over. For convalescence and absolute recovery, indeed, only one thing is needed—the infusion of young blood. As long as the old leaven is left in the mass, lifeless must lie the emaciated corpse. But, as we have said, fresh vitality is seen to move within the limbs. We trust, then, that from the present exhibition may date renovated powers and restituted rights. The chief places, long wrongfully usurped, will henceforth, we hope, be given to the men who, by talent, have title to distinction. Thus the Suffolk Street Gallery may reinstate itself in public esteem.

It is the misfortune of this exhibition that the largest pictures have the least merit; and those with most pretension, the smallest success. We wish we could quote in refutation of this judgment, a conspicuous canvas, covered with a composition confessing to the name 'Queen Elizabeth reprobating Dean Noel in the Vestry of St. Paul's' (131). We certainly have seen the virgin queen rendered with more dignity, though seldom with so much assurance. It is, we confess, quite a novelty to find a face, proverbially so expressive, made wooden in material, and vacant in thought. The gaudy and discordant costume adopted might have been put on by the cruelest of enemies, to add insult to injury. Yet we are bound to suppose that "W. SALTER, M.A.F., &c., Vice-President, Member of the Academy of Florence, and Corresponding Member of the Council of the Academy of Parma," a profound student of history, has read his characters with impartial eye. We wish, however, he could have rendered it compatible with his conscience to have painted a better and a more agreeable picture.—'Judith

in the Tent of Holofernes' (240), by J. R. POWELL, is another attempt at high Art equally unpleasant, because in subject and treatment essentially repulsive; but otherwise, as a picture, possessed of considerable merit. Judith is represented with the passion and the appetite of a tigress about to spring upon her prey. The figure has power heightened into tragedy, not free, however, from melodrama. As a composition, the work is one-sided, and out of balance; it thus has the aspect of a fragment cut out from a larger canvas. The contrasts, too, between warm light and black impenetrable shadows are too abrupt. The picture, however, possesses redeeming points which prove that Mr. Powell has power to assert for himself position.—Mr. HURLSTONE, the President of the "British Artists," is very properly prominent upon these walls: to him belongs pre-eminently the ability to paint pictures, from which escape is impossible. Some spectators, not inured to such potent products, may in terror take to their heels. But go where they will, even to the furthest corner of the gallery, still these figures of the president stalk out from their frames to follow and to persecute. We are sure Mr. Hurlstone will receive this confession as a tribute to his power. A weaker man could not work such dire dismay. Take, for example, 'The Two Cardinal Sins of Italy: Begging and Gambling' (229): these, manifestly, are vices which the artist felt bound to make as repulsive as possible; and so for oil he uses treacle; and for colour, dirt; and for clothes, rags. A weaker man would have mitigated these national crimes—would have put a gloss over the hideous spectacle—would have poured oil into the pores; but Mr. Hurlstone is not a man for any such compromise or subterfuge. In the spirit of the same pitiless truth does the painter depict 'The Descendants of Marius and the Gracchi amid the Ruins of the Roman Empire' (385). The "decline" over which Gibbon mourned is indeed a "fall." The *genii* of Rome are here in riff-raff raiment, at their very worst. The President of Suffolk Street, triumphing in his well-tried genius, dashes through his subject with ready and rapid hand. Established position and long-proved success give confidence to every stroke of his pencil.

Pastoral and pastoral comedy, in earnest purpose, and unconscious jest, hang side by side upon these walls, staring each other out of countenance. Many of the actors in the scene are possessed of undoubted cleverness—an adroitness which only needs severer study to gain the applause it seeks. Who, for example, could show more ready resource than J. J. HILL? an artist who loads his palette with teeming colour, which he lays on with lavish brush. Whether he paint 'Innocence' (198), 'The Gleaner' (547), or 'Madge Wildfire' (579), it matters not; equally does he show in each a mastery over material which only requires more refinement and greater finish to lead the artist up to the higher ranks of his profession. 'Innocence' is a picture lacking the simplicity that pertains to innocence, yet has it a charm which takes the eye captive. A young, blooming mother, the wife of a fisherman, carries in her arms a bonny child—both child and woman examples of rude health and rustic happiness. The work is sure to win favour with the holders of prizes in Art Unions. 'The Gleaner' is another of Mr. Hill's showy subjects; and 'Madge Wildfire,' as a will-of-the-wisp, bears a fire in her eye and a fling in her arm well calculated to seduce the confiding wayfarer. These figures are fortunate in the possession of just enough anatomy to hold their members together; and any chasm in internal structure which might make a breach in nature's constructional arrangements is easily covered over by masses of drapery, the bright surface whereof disfigures the form which lies beneath. Mr. Hill paints clever, effective pictures, and we cannot but think that within his grasp was, at one time, a reward which he has not cared to secure.—Side by side with Mr. Hill ranks Mr. CONNELL—brother artist, akin in obvious failings, and alike conspicuous in meretricious merits. 'The Thorn' (108), by Mr. Cobbett, gathered in the briars growing on an open common, is the invisible weapon which has inflicted

a wound on a baby's hand. The title, so far, may be read on the face of the composition. But in the trade of picture-making, the title goes for little; and certainly this work might, at its christening, have borne another name, and yet have shone just as fair. The figure of the girl, in graceful curve, reaching upwards in the act of gathering berries from a topmost spray, has certainly the charm of nature's simple beauty.—'Wayside Charity' (676), by W. M. HAY, is another example—in which these rooms unhappily abound—of showy effect, seized by ready rather than by lawful means. An artist who desires to mature a style and to lay in store reward for future years, should not thus compromise himself by choice of a subject reaching beyond his powers. One figure, studiously carried out, is of vastly greater worth than a promiscuous group labelled with a stimulating sentiment.—Not far from 'Wayside Charity' is another work that has need of charity—'The Last Interview between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson' (691), recorded by MARSHALL CLAXTON. It is always a bad sign when a painter relies upon his subject instead of the intrinsic merit of his Art. To raise capital out of the reputation of a Reynolds or a Johnson betrays the lack of funds in the artist himself. There is nothing in this picture to relieve it from the tedium of a three-told tale.—Before we pass to products brighter in promise, we are constrained to tarry yet another moment before a work which calls for caution—'The Puritan's Daughter' (79), by C. PASMORE, one of the most flagrant examples of ability squandered worthlessly away. Here is a mere purposeless display of light, shade, and colour, designed to catch the hasty glance of the populace, but wholly wanting in that precision of form, that expression obtained through accuracy in drawing, which can gain from judges consideration, or even from patrons reward.

The gem of the gallery is Mr. BAXTER's charming picture, 'The Sisters' (47), painted with this artist's usual witchery. By adroit management the dark-eyed sister has been thrown into flooding light, while in delicate contrast her fair-haired companion is veiled in half-shadow. By slight play of fancy such as this, and with delicious qualities of execution, Mr. Baxter generally succeeds in removing his subject from the range of common life. In skin painting he is surpassed by few; and his eye for beauty generally fixes on the happy mean which lies between nature unadorned and youth alloyed by fashion. These two maiden sisters are flowers of lustrous hue, blooming health, and luscious sweetness; their unspotted complexions—soft, pearly, even waxy—are washed in dew, mingled with spring odours and honey. This confectionary art is apt to cloy the appetite to surfeit. Mr. Baxter, however, is chary of his charms; his pearls he does not lavish on every neck. His pretty picture—a little girl in black hat, white boa, red cloak, and warm muff—a child, painted to personate 'Winter' (511), has rightly obtained a central point upon the walls. This prim little darling, innocent in years yet wise in choice of creature comforts, bids fair to be a general favourite. The work, indeed, might claim companionship with Mr. SANT'S 'Little Red Riding Hood,' which is universally known as one of the most popular pictures and picture-prints of the day.—G. BONAVIA makes a successful study of 'A Child in the Country' (422). Nature he has thrown into the picture; expression is caught in the face; and relative finish has been obtained by concentration of detail on the head, which, in its guileless beauty, attracts worthily the eye.—With this picture we may class a neighbouring work—'Dormiendo' (435), by E. LOWE, who finds a pretty subject in the sleep of a child on its mother's knee. 'Donna Ines' (727), by the same artist, is a clever head.—J. HEAPY'S 'Unexpected Inheritance' (434) is a picture smoothly and even delicately painted, with considerable study in the realistic detail.—Miss SOPHIA ANTHONY has met with the consideration due to talent. Though not a member of the Society, she has gained for her careful and capital picture a place full upon the line. 'Baby's Pony' (262) shows study in the drawing; in colour it is refined; and, above all, the work is

defiant of that common conventionalism which stereotypes the Suffolk Street school.—J. E. WORRALL'S 'Half Holiday' (710) deserves praise for studious detail, every touch of which depends on drawing.—E. HOLMES, in 'The Land of the Logan' (736), groups figures nicely on the rocky headland; the landscape and its human tenants consort well together.—H. GARNETT'S 'Prayer' (116), though a little hard and leathery, is to be commended for close study.—The works of W. BROMLEY, such as 'My Little Brother' (170), and 'Who is it?' (96), show more care than knowledge.—The same may be said of a picture by HAYNES KING—'A Sip from Daddy's Cup' (187).—We need scarcely say that a 'Study of a Head' (129), by C. S. LIDDERDALE—an artist who is always indeed studious—though in smallest of frames, possesses merit out of all proportion to its modest dimensions.—'Grace before Meat' (58), by W. HEMSLY, is a painting perfect of its class. Pictures by one or both of the brothers UNDERHILL may be seen in most London exhibitions. The style which these painters adopt is vigorous to a fault, rude even beyond the manner of their rustic models; and the large canvases they give themselves, like too much rope in the proverb, bring both to greater grief than they really deserve. The powers which the brothers undoubtedly wield have often made us mourn the more over the obvious ill-direction of energies that might easily be turned to better account. Therefore the gladder are we to note such a work as the 'Swiss Goatherd' (324), wherein may be observed more than usual circumspection and more than the refinement hitherto found. It is greatly to be desired that Welsh fern-gatherers and people of that breed should make room for dwellers not unworthy of Arcadia. Mr. W. Underhill, having got as far south as Switzerland, may possibly in the end contract the manner identified with Italy and Greece. Time works wonders!—'Streets in London in the 17th century' (279), is a picture of "ye period," painted with stinging satire by the pencil of A. H. TOURNIER. Puritan preachers and profigate scoffers jostle each other side by side. Extremes meet in this diorama of the times, into which are thrown trenchant character and keen knowledge of human nature in its weakness and its wickedness. This is the cleverness that makes the satirist. Mr. Tourrier will have to strive against temptations which lead downwards towards caricature and farce, and often constitute the too telling traits of low Art.—One of the most commendable efforts found in a gallery which does good service to the coming artist in giving him apprenticeship and offering practising ground, is the clever work by C. W. NICHOLLS—'Sketching from Nature' (334). The subject, it is true, is somewhat trite—a group of ladies in a hayfield, one of the company amusing herself by sketching a peasant girl, who stands obligingly as a model. The picture, however, is pleasing, and possesses merit.—'Emilia e Stella' (467), two Roman models exalted by stately beauty, constitute by far the best picture we have yet seen from the easel of Mr. EAGLES. The flesh is a little opaque, and the complexion certainly has a quality wholly foreign to the soft delicacy that Mr. Baxter has suffused over the features of his two sisters. The two beauties of Mr. Eagles are no artificial products forced under glass; they are of the ancient Roman stock, hardy in sinew and fiery in passion. Portions of this picture are painted with rare mastery; the raven hair and the white bodice, for example, have the advantage of a finish obtained through a broad rather than a pointed brush—a skilled art which seems year by year to be further from the reach of any but the most manly of our painters.—Two more sisters, 'Olivia and Sophia' (66), from the hand of Mrs. ROBBINSON, make another picture deserving praise. The ladies are here engaged in the sisterly office of decking one another with flowers—a simple enough subject, which presumes to nothing but what the painter is able to carry out. In composition, colour, and finish, the work becomes alike commendable.—The point of honour in the larger room is conceded to Mr. ROBERTS, who has already won laurels in this gallery. Within 'The Family Pew' (64) kneel a brother and

sister, companions in sorrow for the memory of a lost parent. The spirit of the scene is quite refined and tender. Another work by this artist, 'The Image of his Father' (27), comes, in its conscientious painstaking, as reproof to the reckless effrontery by which many of Mr. Roberts's fellow-members manage to disfigure square yards of canvas. The very extent, in fact, of surface to be covered in this gallery gives magnitude to the sins committed. In quarters more circumscribed, an artist's peculiarities have to be packed within pocket compass, and his eccentricities are consequently exposed before the world in miniature only. He is, in fact, under wholesome dread that hangers may find his room more pleasant than his company. But here in Suffolk Street this order of things is reversed, and the chief check which deters an artist from indefinite expansion of small thoughts is the additional cost of frame and canvas. The glaring evils that result herefrom stare the spectator in the face on all sides. The largest pictures in this exhibition are, almost without exception, either enormities or abortions.

Several painters in Suffolk Street are the playmates of stormy ocean. They dare to put to sea in a tempest, and fear no shipwreck. J. J. WILSON and ALFRED CLINT are the most adventurous of these sailors—brave fishermen who cast their nets in many waters, and manage to bring to shore wares which find a market. Mr. Wilson's well-known sea-pieces have really considerable merit. In such works, for example, as 'Putting to Sea' (6), he paints the wind-lashed wave of swelling breast, silver grey, and translucent depth, its summit crested with snow-wreath. Mr. Clint, whom we have known in moods of calmest tranquillity, this season breaks into fierce passion. His 'Sunset after a Storm' (35) is, in the upper sphere of sky, fiery—almost furious—and the sea beneath tosses with tumultuous unrest. In this force, however, which at a distance is effective, there lies feebleness; and the artist evidently lacks ability and knowledge to carry out to completeness the idea he has sketched roughly.—One of the newly-elected members, E. HAYES, paints careful pictures, which, in their modest dimensions and conscientious details, contrast with the coarse scenic panoramas of men hardened through long years to the perpetration of unblushing enormities.—Among new members, we may mention, though in this section out of place, E. C. BARNES, who exhibits 'The Neapolitan' (546), a peasant well painted after the manner of the modern Roman school, a style this artist will do well not to surrender for that of the Suffolk Street school, wherein he has just embarked his fortunes.—The water-colour room contains some drawings by G. WOLFE, among them may be noted 'A Message from the Sea' (812).

Animal painting, requiring specific study, is a speciality in which we cannot expect the generalising genius of Suffolk Street to shine. Yet upon these walls there are at least some few pictures that merit a measured meed of praise. R. PAYSTICK, for instance, has bestowed upon his terrier dog individual study, which gives to his work a thoroughly independent character.—This quality G. W. HORLOR has at all events failed to put into his picture, 'The Guardians' (342). Horlor inherits the style of Landseer, and it may be sufficient reward for him to know that in pretty painting of sheep and dogs he has rivalled the smooth surface and the refined sentiment of his master.—A. CONNOULD we should suppose, while painting his 'Highlanders' (415), had made the acquaintance of Ross Bonheur, when on her Scottish sketching tour. But however this may have been, Highland cattle, as painted by Mr. Corbould, have a life and character which mark the artist for success.—In the water-colour room, a group of 'Dead Game' (860), by JAMES HARDY, wins warm encomium for its force and brilliancy.

Turning to the landscapes, we are in duty bound to give precedence to the time-honoured members who have for years adorned the gallery. Who can restrain melancholy regret that with the works of Shayer, Tennant, and J. C. Ward must perish an art of which the world seems no longer worthy? The spectator, while he gazes in wonder on 'The Scene in Harvest'

(241), and a like scene in 'The Cornfield' (281), by Mr. SHAYER, as well as other works painted by Mr. Tennant and Mr. Ward, cannot but feel that the present generation is not in a condition to appreciate such performances. But the time will come, we feel persuaded, when pictures like these must find their desert. Neglected it may be in modern exhibitions, they shall henceforth live for posterity. Some among their number will be revered by the antiquary, and many, we cannot but hope, will survive to obtain honoured places on the walls of archaeological institutes, and there hang as prized relics of former and better times!

When "British Artists" give rein to fancy and romance, they bid long adieu to common sense and sober reason. Their back they turn on nature, and henceforth go on a grand tour through Fairyland. Pleasant enough it is to follow them on their wild and wayward course, in a flight so high that the confines of earth are seldom approached; and nature, left far behind, never intrudes to put the painter out. We can well imagine what a sensation and shock Mr. WOOLMER, or Mr. PYNE, would receive, did they, by some ill chance, come in contact with an actual tree or a substantial rock, presenting itself as an unbidden intruder on their dreamland. We really hope that nothing of the kind will ever happen to make discord in their delicious reverie. We could, indeed, ill spare Mr. Woolmer. What a delight it is to look upon such a work as 'Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Chess in Prospero's Isle' (266)! What an intoxication of colour here glows upon the eye!—what a frolic of fancy is this!—what a florid, yet fitting elucidation of a drama exuberant in imagination!—Mr. Pyne, again, though he generally selects some well-known spot, is scarcely less transcendental in treatment. 'The Roman Aqueducts from the Palace and Church of St. John Lateran' (205) ranks as a romance of history, wherein colour is forced up to a fiery pitch of frenzy, which, though not precisely according to the precedents found on the locality itself, is far from unpleasing. This artist's best work is 'The Church of San Giorgio, Venice' (495), notwithstanding the high flight which he has given to the campanile. Mr. Pyne certainly possesses a poet's eye for colour; upon his shoulders has fallen the rainbow bespangled robe of Turner.—The chief landscape painters in this society are BODDINGTON, Percy, Cole, and Syer, each of whom is represented by pictures of a power sometimes even too powerful. Mr. Percy's 'River Llugwy' (428) is violent in contrast of light and shade, and altogether too florid in effect. Mr. SYER'S 'Scene' (188) on the same river has vigour, but lacks complete carrying out. Mr. COLE is apt to be too fiery, as in 'The Harvest Field' (88). His best picture is 'Milking Time—Evening' (472). The cattle stand against a fervent sky with force in effect of which Cuyp was fond. Mr. BODDINGTON in 'Thorsgill Brook' (121) paints a woody dell overshadowed by trees, drawn with a delicacy in the stems and branches that rivals Crowick.—W. W. GOALING exhibits drawings which pleasantly recall the manner of Birket Foster. And J. W. BUNNEY, who has had the advantage, if we mistake not, of instruction from Mr. Ruskin, brings from Florence a study of considerable merit, though a little overdone in colour and elaboration.

The "British Artists" of Suffolk Street have enjoyed so much critical punishment that by this time they ought to be in a mended condition. And we really do think, as we have said before, that they show at last some signs of improvement. This is encouraging to their friends, and comes, though late, as a sufficient reward for all the kind interest that has been taken for their benefit. It is really a pity that a society for which there is room in the world should not manage to make itself more respected, and find an appointed sphere of usefulness. For the regeneration of this association, nothing more is wanted than the surrender of self-seeking ends in the interest of Art, not as merchandise, but as "a thing of beauty:" in saying this we only reiterate opinions expressed by us on former occasions.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

SCHOOL OF DUSSELDORF.

CARL MÜLLER, ITTENBACH, SETTEGAST.



UR last paper was devoted to the school of Munich: our present article shall commence with a sketch of the renowned school of Dusseldorf. This academy on the Rhine has numbered among its professors and students men holding every diversity of opinion, and practising all varieties of styles. In Dusseldorf, within the last fifty years, high Art—classic and Christian, secular and sacred, allegorical symbolic, mystic, and even rationalistic—has found devoted disciples. In the same town, too, and within the same period likewise, might be seen, living and labouring side by side with their more philosophical brethren, artists of a determined naturalistic bent—men who knew no higher divinity than nature herself; painters who within the peasant's cabin recognised in honest poverty God's noblest work; sketchers who on the fords of Norway found grandeur enough and to spare. Thus it will be seen that the school of Dusseldorf is marked by that diversity of gifts, that twofold manifestation, that duality of opposing motives, which recur again and again throughout the entire history of Art, and which will, of necessity, subsist to the end of time in the sphere of painting as in the province of philosophy. This division between systems and schools, subjective and objective, inward and outer, idealistic and realistic, long known to the whole world, has obtained express recognition and demonstration in Dusseldorf. That small territory has the honour of having been for Art the battle-field of Europe. There is fought out upon canvas or on walls the conflict of theories and the contest of creeds. What the philosopher has dreamed the student has drawn; what the devout has prayed the artist has painted. It is to this, the subjective and spiritual aspect of the Dusseldorf school, that we shall for the present specially direct our attention. The objective and naturalistic phase of that academy we reserve for future articles.

Dusseldorf, which has given its name to one of the most renowned schools of Europe, is a comparatively small town of fewer than thirty thousand inhabitants. Its situation, far from

imposing, is pretty. It lies on the lower banks of the Rhine, where the hills rise precipitously, embowered by gardens, encircled by villas; its ancient ramparts thrown down and turned into pleasant promenades. To the traveller the place has few attractions, and I certainly should not have thought it worth while, on my way from the Hague and Amsterdam towards the great cities of Germany, to have stopped at the insignificant capital of the Rhine provinces, had not the Academy made Dusseldorf the abode of genius. That Academy has now existed for nearly a hundred years, and, like the town of which it is the ornament, has undergone many vicissitudes. In

the earlier portion of its career it seems, as other institutions of the sort, to have slumbered ingloriously under the routine discipline of professors wedded to obsolete systems. Not till the appointment of Cornelius to the directorate, in the year 1819, did it rise from oblivion into notoriety. Cornelius, with an energy manifest in all tasks he has ever undertaken, no sooner entered on his office than he commenced to reorganise the Academy according to the exigencies of the times, and especially after his own individual convictions of the mission and ministrations

devolving on sacred and historic Art. Bringing with him from Rome memories of the grand achievements of Michael Angelo and of Raphael in the Sistine and the Stanze of the Vatican, his purpose was to restore monumental painting to its ancient greatness, and to introduce into the Fatherland the practice of fresco, which the Italian masters had employed for the expression of their noblest conceptions.

From this time forward the Academy of Dusseldorf occupied a leading position in the history of European painting; it became identified with the revival of Christian Art; it was the centre whence were disseminated principles since widely diffused; it was the studio or workshop in which were produced and multiplied pictures of madonnas, holy families, and saints. Among the disciples that Cornelius gathered around him were W. Kaulbach, Götzenberger, Stilke, H. Sturmer, Ad. Eberle, C. H. Herrmann, and Ernest Förster. With the assistance of these and other pupils the mural paintings in the University of Bonn, as well as similar decorations in other towns, were designed first as cartoons and ultimately completed as frescoes. The character of the new school became henceforth pronounced, and its reputation established. Referring to German writers, I find the high, the elaborate, and the generic style thus evolved characterised by epithets drawn from a subjective philosophy. The "idea" of Plato furnishes the germ whence this system of metaphysics and these abstruse principles of Art gather strength and grow in dimension. The painter, it is said, makes his inward idea visible to sense; hence his work, when it comes into life in the outer world, has won the title to the name "ideal," the offspring of an "idea." Hence, likewise, are we told that the outcomings of the Dusseldorf school are soul-pictures, thought-pictures, poet-pictures. In the same sense, too, critics of this philosophic turn teach us that in works claiming such high pedigree, the will has been projected into form, the spirit has taken to itself a body, thought has clothed itself in flesh. Now it is perhaps fortunate that Art, like nature, is able to get on, and to do its work without the aid of philosophy. It is happy for the artist that he can create, unperplexed by any consciousness of the act of creation, unencumbered with the cognisance of the machinery put in motion. And I do not for one moment imagine that any of the great artists whose works may now be regarded by critics as the culmination of a creed, seriously troubled themselves with the ingenious theories elaborated in their honour. Still, such speculations, though of little concern to the painter himself, may be of material help to students who wish to arrive at the right appreciation of a work and the due estimate of a school. It is evident that for the painting of a picture, and for the criticism of that picture when painted, two different orders of intellect, and

two classes of faculties, are called into play. A German critic would probably, of all men in the world, make the very worst of painters. Yet I think it will be seen, even from the slight indication just given of the transcendental philosophy which these adepts handle with imposing solemnity, that their power of analysis is searching as fire to a crucible. Non-essential accidents are driven away; the indestructible elements remain. Moreover, German critics are by birth probably better able to enter into the idiosyncrasies of their countrymen than foreigners can be; consequently it may be wise to give heed to their words. Furthermore, I look upon the Art of Dus-

seldorf as pre-eminently what German writers call transcendental, and therefore, in its mysteries, to be unlocked by the key of the transcendental philosophy. I wish that space permitted me further to expand this line of thought. In brief, then, let me say that Dusseldorf Art, in its highest motives and profoundest teachings, is not naturalistic in the outward and visible meaning of the term; it appeals often not to a bodily but to a spiritual sense; it may even violate facts in nature in its struggle to reach the supernatural; it may outrage reason to satisfy faith; it



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

Ittenbach, Paint.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS.

may violate probability, and even possibility, in its attempt to enter a region where God works through miracles. Many will say that all this is mere folly. To persons thus minded, then, the Dusseldorf school must pass for foolishness. But to others, of whom I confess myself to be one, this philosophic and Christian painting has in its weakness power; in its shortcomings there are compensations: so that, taken for all in all, the conviction is brought home to us that the Art which soars farthest from earth is nearest to heaven, and that works in which outward sense takes little delight move the finer intuitions of the mind to calm yet conscious joy.

The Dusseldorf Academy has, within the last thirty or forty years, gone through varying phases of faith, upon which, for the present, we cannot dwell. I have already said that the school called Christian has been but one of the many manifestations fostered by German professors. The curriculum of study for the Rhine provinces contemplates a wide range; the classes are put through a course of systematic instruction, whereby each pupil may freely develop his individual talent unfettered by party restraint. The staff of the Academy consists of a director, a secretary, an inspector, a librarian, and a curator. The director is the first professor of painting, and with him are associated other professors, who take charge of special classes. For example, the Elementary class, the Antique school, the Architectural and the Perspective class, the Landscape class, and the school for Engraving, is each under the instruction of its own professor. Many of these have been men of renown, among whom may be enumerated W. von Schadow, Bendemann, Mosler, Carl Müller, Andreas Müller, Mücke, Sohn, Weigmann, Keller, Leutze, and Lessing. The works of the last-named painter, to which we propose devoting a separate article, will enable me to enlarge this imperfect sketch of the Dusseldorf school. Lessing raised the standard of Protestantism as a creed, and naturalism as the firm basis of Art, in the midst of his Roman Catholic brethren. I rejoice to think that the universality of the Arts, extending beyond the narrow boundaries of party, and seeking to be as comprehensive as nature, and as infinite as truth, finds in Lessing a bold defender. Such a man serves to save the school of Dusseldorf from the blot of bigotry and the stigma of finality.

Dusseldorf, in itself a quiet, almost stagnant town, is stirred by active Art-life. The Academy begets, as may be well imagined, affiliated or kindred associations. As in Rome, and other like centres, there exist Art cafés and clubs, the daily resort of artists and students. Here pictures furnish topics for hourly talk; here the painter speaks of the difficulties he has just encountered in the elaboration of his conceptions, and takes counsel of his fellows in the progress of his work; here are discussed the comparative advantages of differing modes of study, the respective merits of methods which the schools of Rome, Venice, or Bologna may have practised; and thus becomes established in the town a tribunal of public opinion, before which each member of the community stands arraigned—a court of appeal which, by the unwritten code of the general conscience, upholds things right and true. I have been told by artists who have lived and worked in Dusseldorf, that the social and professional intercourse thus enjoyed constitutes no inconsiderable portion of the advantage of a residence

under the shadow of the Academy. Nor is the summary of the Art-operations in Dusseldorf yet complete. The public gallery of the town, though small, contains works of European reputation, among which cannot be forgotten 'Tasso and the two Leonoras,' by Professor C. Sohn; 'The Annunciation,' by C. Müller; 'Ishmael and Hager,' by Köhler; 'Peasant Preaching,' by Tiedemann; 'Gamblers,' by Knaus; 'Tapping the Wine Cask,' by Hasenclever; 'Sea-shore in Tempest,' by A. Achenbach; and a 'Landscape,' of power and intent, by Lessing. An annual exhibition is held by the Dusseldorf artists in their academy—a collection, however, which, as far as my experience extends, is inferior to the exhibitions of Antwerp and Brussels. Among other pictures which I have seen in Dusseldorf, I find a note of commendation against a work by A. Rethel, known in this country through the 'Dance of Death,' and analogous designs in the style of Albert Durer, an artist of weird imagination, who died at Dusseldorf when years of promise were ripening to maturity. In the town I also visited the commercial gallery of Ed. Schulte, where had been placed on view several works with which the Dusseldorf school was more or less identified. There might be seen, by Lessing, the first sketch for the great picture, 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre,' also a cartoon, as well as several carefully studied landscapes. There, likewise, was a series of cartoons illustrative of the ages of man, designed by Tiedemann, once a student in Dusseldorf, whereunto the artists of Scandinavia resort for the advantage of a more thorough training than can be got in their own country. Knaus, also formerly a pupil in the school, exhibited one of his most reckless works, 'The Thief in the Market,' redolent of riff-raff character. Carl W. Hübner, whose studio I visited, a painter prolific in scenes of domestic incident, represented *genre* for the town of his adoption. Emanuel Leutze, who seems to have divided life and talent between Rhineland and the continent of America, rises to the higher level of solar history. I have seen his picture, 'The Departure of Columbus for America,' also his cartoon for Cromwell and Milton. The picture was marred by the ordinary defects of the German school—crudity of colour and harshness of outline. The cartoon, on the contrary, had the marks of merit seldom lacking in that school—care in drawing, and cha-



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

C. Müller, Paint.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

THE LAST SUPPER.

racter in expression. By aid of this enumeration and description the reader will be able to realise the spirit of the Art-life, and the nature of the Art-products, that have rendered Dusseldorf notorious, both as a school and an emporium.

But the description would, indeed, fall very short of the reality, did I omit all mention of the Art-unions, the illustrated books, and the religious prints, of which Dusseldorf is the parent. The Art-union known as the "Kunstverein für Rheinland und Westfalen" has its local habitation within the Academy. I believe this association has given for many years a fostering hand to artists and to Art, in proof whereof I cannot do better than adduce the vast and elaborate line engraving from the 'Disputa' of Raphael, brought out under the auspices of the society. This master-work, which bears the inscription, 'Joseph Keller delineavit et sculpsit, Dusseldorf, 1857,' is a noble monument to the industry and the severe academic training of the German school. The style, as may be suspected, is a little hard, and the execution

wants the delicate harmonies admired in the handling of the Italian engravers.—Perhaps it may here be worth while just to mention "the Dusseldorf Art Album," a serial which, as it reaches this year its fifteenth annual issue, cannot have been wholly without influence for good or for evil. An examination of the volume now published leaves me in doubt whether the bias to right or to wrong has been paramount. Of infinitely higher tone are the publications of the "Association for the Diffusion of Religious Art,"

of which several hundred prints are now before me. The persistency wherewith these plates, all bearing an unmistakable stamp of Roman Catholicism, are published, and that at the lowest possible cost, gives to the enterprise the character of a "propaganda of the faith." The masters I have selected in illustration of this article, Carl Müller, Ittenbach, and Settegast, are laid under contribution. Indeed, there is scarcely an artist who has played a part in the development of the modern school of Christian



Drawn by J. W. Allen.

Settegast, Pinxit.
THE ASCENSION.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Art that has not been called upon to swell with inspiration this pictorial missionary enterprise. In addition to the names of C. Müller, Ittenbach, and Settegast, already mentioned, I find taking part in the movement the apostles and disciples of the school, such as Overbeck, Veit, Führich, W. Schadow, Andreas Müller, Deger, Schraudolph, Steinle, Mosler, W. Sohn, Molitor, Elster Clasen, Flatz, and others. Such is the formidable phalanx pledged to the promulgation of that Art which in Dusseldorf is

called Christian, but which in Protestant England has been justly deemed sectarian, anti-natural, and anti-rational. I speak thus plainly, to guard against misconception. The simple, earnest, humble-minded Art which arose as a still small voice in Overbeck, and which, as the grain of mustard-seed, grew mightily in the soil of Dusseldorf, till it filled the heavens, this so-called Christian Art—and Christian it is, no doubt, in a high though not a universal sense—this so-called religious school I readily admit to be worthy

of profound respect, though not of unqualified admiration. Many of the subjects disseminated by the Dusseldorf association are grossly tainted by superstition, and some of the compositions rest on assumptions which modern criticism has wholly refuted. Yet, notwithstanding such errors, which, to rational minds, are repellent, it is impossible to deny to these works of the Dusseldorf *propaganda* a large measure of pictorial merit and spiritual unction. In subsequent papers, which will treat of the naturalistic and rationalistic branch of the Dusseldorf school, I shall hope to show that there may yet exist a religious school, which, unlike to the Art identified with the Romish Church, shall rest on a basis sane as reason, and sound as nature.

It is now time that we should turn to the masters and works selected in illustration of this article. CARL MÜLLER bears a surname often recurring in the annals of painting. Professor Müller discovered that there were no fewer than forty-three artists of the name of Müller worthy of a place in his Dictionary. Of these, Carl Müller, of Dusseldorf, with perhaps the single exception of Charles Louis Müller, of Paris, is the most famous. The German painter was born in Darmstadt, in the year 1818. His first instruction he received from his father, the director of the Gallery. At the age of seventeen, he is a pupil in the Academy of Dusseldorf, under the eye of Professor Sohn; four years later, he visits Italy; and at the age of forty he is himself a professor in the academy wherein, while a youth of seventeen, he had worked as a student. His pictures, both in oil and fresco, are numerous. Of the former, a composition extensively known by engravings, is 'The Annunciation,' in the Gallery of Dusseldorf, a *replica* of which was, ten years ago, in the Exhibition Universelle of Paris. This work may be quoted in proof of the non-natural sense which Dusseldorf artists put upon Scripture texts. The subject is treated less as an event than as a mystery. The Virgin is seen, not as she was on earth, but as fond imagination would love to picture her. She receives the heavenly visitant while on her knees in prayer. She is dressed in no homely garb, but in a robe befitting a princess who shall reign queen of heaven. The floor has been cleanly swept, as for an angel's coming, and Gabriel enters, decked in wings of green tipped with gold. On the whole, I am inclined to think that this non-natural treatment, when not pushed to actual absurdity, best attains to the elevation and purity which can alone exalt sacred Art above the level of secularity. Carl Müller's chief fresco paintings are in the Church of St. Apollinaris, at Remagen, and these are beyond question choice. Like other of the Dusseldorf artists, Müller has executed for the engraver drawings which the Art-unions of the Fatherland have disseminated among the faithful. Of such designs is 'THE LAST SUPPER,' which serves as our illustration. This subject, rightly deemed, next to 'The Crucifixion,' the most momentous in the entire range of Christian Art, has received emphatic treatment by Giotto, Leonardo, and other artists, mediæval and modern. By some of these painters the theme is regarded as a historic scene; by others it is accepted as merely typical of the institution of the Holy Sacrament. The plate before us betokens the distribution of spiritual food, the breaking of the bread, and the giving thanks for the cup as "the blood of the New Testament, which was shed for the remission of sins." A picture such as this is too perspicuous to stand in need of much explanation; nevertheless, a word of comment may lead to the better appreciation of the artist's intent. It is worthy of observation that Müller, to gain concentration and to add to picturesque variety in the grouping, has discarded the formality of a long table, for which innovation he may claim as precedent the oldest versions of the subject. It is also to be noted that while Leonardo chose the earlier moment designated by the words "Verily, verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me," Müller takes the closing solemnity and tragedy. In the composition of Leonardo, the sacrament is not yet administered, and Judas is still at the table. In the picture before us the sop has been given, and Satan enters into the son of Simon. Furthermore, while Leonardo was content with the mere historic event of twelve apostles seated on one side the table, Müller, evidently wishing to signify a sacrament, has thrown two disciples on their knees, and others are studiously posed in attitude of adoration. This forced expression of devotion is, I think, as often with the Dusseldorf school, pushed too far; that is, beyond nature, and even out of the reach of grace, into the false region of affectation. Apostles, as painted in Dusseldorf, are righteous overmuch; becoming saints, they cease to be men. That Müller's treatment, however, escapes extravagance, may be inferred from the fact that this very composition has been adopted for a painted window at the east end of a Unitarian chapel in Clifton. This application shows Dusseldorf Art to be more universal and less sectarian than is generally supposed.

FRANZ ITTENBACH, the painter of 'CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS,' which we engrave, was born at Königswinter, in the year 1813. Like many of the young artists of his day and generation, he fell under the instruction of Professor Schadow, in Dusseldorf. He afterwards

joined Ernst Deger, Andreas and Carl Müller, in a journey to Italy, and on his return to Germany, he and his friends commenced painting some frescoes in the Rhine Church at Remagen. 'CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS' is one of these frescoes. At a glance it will be seen that the composition has the symmetric balance in its component parts which the exigencies of architecture prescribe. What is meant by this architectonic manner will be better understood by its contrast—the essentially picturesque treatment adopted by Holman Hunt. The German artist, moreover, has preserved breadth and simplicity, which come in further contrast to the scattered detail introduced by the English painter; an elaboration that, whether a merit or defect, lies, at all events, wholly beyond the intent and resource of mural and monumental Art. One more point we will raise, and then sufficient has been said of this characteristic work in the school of Dusseldorf. 'Christ teaching in the Temple' has been adopted by some artists as an incident in the life of the Redeemer, by others as a scene in the life of the Madonna. In the former case, Christ is the central figure; in the latter, the Virgin becomes more conspicuous. Looking at the design of Ittenbach, it is not difficult to read his purpose. The infant Christ is the focus of the surrounding figures. Mary and Joseph are but episodes. This design is one proof among many others that the school of Dusseldorf is eminently learned in the science of composition.

JOSEPH SETTEGAST was born at Coblenz in 1813—the same year, it will be noticed, that Ittenbach came into the world at Königswinter. Settegast made his first studies in Dusseldorf; but seeking for an atmosphere more densely religious, it appears that he formed alliance with Philip Veit, then in Frankfort. Subsequently we find him in Rome about the time when Ittenbach and the brothers Carl and Andreas Müller are in Italy. And then again he returns to Dusseldorf for the purpose of painting frescoes in that town. These pictures, the 'Immaculate Virgin,' and the 'Crucifixion,' in the Maximilian Church, obtained for him universal recognition. Beyond such works, and the early lessons he received in the Academy, Settegast's connection with Dusseldorf does not appear to be intimate. His style, however, is expressly that of the Dusseldorf school, and his designs are adopted and engraved by the Dusseldorf Association for the Promulgation of Religious Art. The position to which this painter is entitled will be seen from the picture we engrave, 'THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD,' certainly one of the most impressive among the very many renderings of the glorious theme, which is the seal and the triumph of the Christian's faith. This subject is sometimes included in the Life of the Madonna, as the seventh and last of her sorrows. More expressly, however, it comes as the final scene in the Passion and Death of the Redeemer. The event has been overlaid and encumbered by Perugino and others with a multitude of accessories. The composition of Settegast is to be applauded for its simplicity. The secret upon which this picture is put together is seen at a glance. The Apostles and the Holy Women are grouped in a circle: space and isolation are thus obtained for the principal figure in ascension. The calmness and the benignity of Christ as He is received into heaven, lifted up by power divine into the radiant sky, are traits nobly conceived. This central figure gently floating upwards finds effective contrast in the eagle swoop of the two angels downwards. The lines of composition are ingeniously thrown together.

The Rhine Chapel at Remagen, to which reference has been already made, is the best summary of the Art of Dusseldorf with which I am acquainted. Like the Giotto Chapel in Padua, and the Sistine Chapel in Rome, this church on the Rhine is completely covered with frescoes, and as in all similar interiors, so here likewise, the power of the architect has been made subservient to the prowess of the painter. This small German chapel may, in fact, be regarded as a picture gallery to the school of Dusseldorf, wherein the studious works of Carl Müller, Ittenbach, Deger, and Andreas Müller are seen to best advantage. The work is a little gem. I hardly know of another painted chamber with which it can compare for sweet sentiment of beauty akin to devotion, and for sensitive harmony of colour attuned to musical chords. That there is in the soft effusion of this emotional Art some satiety, will be readily admitted by those who best know what are the bane and the blots of the Dusseldorf school. Yet, on the other hand, let it not be forgotten that beauty in its spirit-purity has never gained more devout expression than among these modern Christian painters. I have compared this church at Remagen with the chapel at Padua, and the chamber in the Vatican. The work of Giotto is simple and elementary: Art is there in its cradle. The compositions of the modern German painters, on the other hand, are elaborate and ornate: painting is here seen in the maturity of the nineteenth century. Again, turning to the Chapel of the Vatican, Michael Angelo in giant strength creates the heavens and the earth; while in the church at Remagen, Müller, Ittenbach, and others carefully compile pretty pictures. History thus teaches the merit, and shows us the measure, of the Dusseldorf school.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAPTER III.—MODERN RINGS.

PERSONS in the habit of considering the era of Queen Anne as an "old time," and that of Queen Elizabeth as profoundly ancient, may be startled at our calling the reign of her grandfather a *modern* time; they must be reminded that the period known as mediæval commences with the fall of ancient Rome under the Gothic invasion, and concludes with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The modern era therefore commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, during the reign of Henry VI.

As private wealth increased, finger-rings became much more ornamental; to the art which the goldsmith and jeweller devoted to them, was added that of the engraver and enameller. Fig. 1, from the Londesborough collection, is decorated with floral ornament, engraved and filled with green and red enamel colours. The effect on the gold is extremely pleasing, having a certain quaint sumptuousness peculiarly its own. Fig. 2 is a fine specimen, from the same



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

collection, of a signet-ring, bearing "a merchant's mark" upon its face. These marks varied with every owner, and were as peculiar to himself as is the modern autograph; they were a combination of initials or letter-like devices, frequently surmounted by a cross, or a conventional sign, believed to represent the sails of a ship, in allusion to their trading vessels. The marks were placed upon the bales of merchandise, and were constantly used where the coat-armour or badge of a nobleman or gentleman entitled to bear arms would be placed. The authority vested in such merchants' rings is curiously illustrated in one of the historical plays on the life and reign of Queen Elizabeth, written by Thomas Heywood, and to which he gave the quaint title, "If you know not me, you know nobody." Sir Thomas Gresham, the great London merchant, is one of the principal characters, and in a scene, where he is absent from home, and in sudden need of cash, he exclaims, "Here, John, take this seal-ring; bid Timothy presently send me a hundred pound." John takes the ring to the trusty Timothy, saying, "Here's his seal-ring; I hope a sufficient warrant." To which Timothy replies, "Upon so good security, John, I'll fit me to deliver it." Another merchant, in the same play, is made to obtain his wants by similar means:—

"—receive thou my seal-ring:
Bear it to my factor; bid him by that token
Sort thee out forty pounds worth of such wares
As thou shalt think most beneficial."

The custom must have been common to be thus used in dramatic scenes of real life, which the plainest audience would criticise. These plays were produced in 1606, and serve to show that the value attached to a seal-ring descended from very ancient to comparatively modern times.

In the Waterton collection is a massive gold signet-ring, with the rebus of the Wylmot family quaintly designed in the taste of the fourteenth century. In the centre is a tree; on one side of it the letters WY, and on the other OT. Supposing the tree

to be an *elm*, the name reads Wy-*elm*-ot, or Wylmot.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries religious figures were frequently engraved on rings. Fig. 3 represents a ring upon which is very delicately engraved a representation of St. Christopher bearing the Saviour on his shoulder across an arm of the sea, in accordance with the old legendary history of this Saint. The circle is formed by ten lozenges, each of which bears a letter of the inscription, *ut boni ruer*. The figure of St. Christopher was used as an amulet against



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

sudden death—particularly by drowning; for it was popularly believed that no sudden or violent death could occur to any person on any day when he had reverently looked upon this saint's effigy. Hence it was not uncommon for charitable individuals to place such figures outside their houses, or paint them on the walls. There is a colossal figure (and St. Christopher was said to have been of gigantic structure), thus painted, beside the great gate of the ancient city of Treves, on the Moselle.

The enameller and engraver were both employed on the ring Fig. 4, also from the Londesborough collection. The hoop is richly decorated, with quaint floriated ornament cut upon its surface, and filled in with the black composition termed *nigello*, then extensively used by goldsmiths in enriching their works. This beautiful ring is inscribed within with the motto *man car plesor*—"my heart's delight"—and was doubtless a *gage d'amour*.

Of the renowned queens, Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, interesting mementoes are preserved in the shape of rings. Fig. 5 represents the gold signet-ring of Mary, now preserved in the British



Museum. Upon the face is engraved the royal arms and supporters of the king of Scotland, with the motto IN. DEFENS, and her initials M.R. But the most curious portion of the ring is the inner side of the seal, as shown in the cut, where a crowned monogram is engraved, which might have been an unsolved enigma, but for the existence in our State Paper Office of a letter written by Mary to Queen Elizabeth, in which she has drawn this identical monogram after signing her name. Sir Henry Ellis, who first traced out this curious history, says, "It is clearly formed of the letters M and A (for Mary and Albany), and gives countenance to the opinion that the written monogram was intended for Elizabeth and Burghley to study; the subsequent creation of the title of Duke of Albany in Lord Darnley ultimately opening their eyes to the enigma."

Elizabeth's intense dislike to the Darnley marriage is well known, as she endeavoured to force Mary into a match with one of her own favourites, the Earl of Leicester.

The Waterton collection boasts a gem of no inferior interest in connection with this unhappy marriage. It is the ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, husband to Mary Queen of Scots. On the bezel it bears the two initials M.H. united by a lover's knot, and within the hoop the name engraved of HENRI L. DARNLEY, and the year of the marriage, 1565. The cut, Fig. 6, shows the face of the ring with the initials; below is engraved a fac-simile of the interior of the ring as a plane surface.

Queen Elizabeth's history, and that of her unfortunate favourite, the Earl of Essex, has a tragic story connected with a ring. The narrative is popularly known, and may be briefly told. It is said that the queen, at a time when she was most passionately attached to the earl, gave him a ring, with the assurance that she would pardon any fault with which he might be accused when he should return that pledge. Long after this, when he was condemned for treason, she expected to receive this token, and was prepared to have granted the promised pardon. It came not. The queen was confirmed in the belief that he had ceased to care for her, and pride and jealousy consigned him to the death of a traitor. But the earl had, in the last extremity of despair, entrusted the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, wife to the Lord High Admiral, an enemy of the unfortunate Essex, who forbade his wife to take any proceedings in the matter, but to conceal the trust entirely, and secrete the ring. When the countess lay upon her death-bed, she sent for her royal mistress, for the first time told her guilt, "and humbly implored mercy from God and forgiveness from her earthly sovereign, who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in bed, sent her, accompanied with most fearful curses, to a higher tribunal." Such is the awful account of the scene by Francis Osborne. Dr. Birch says the words used by Elizabeth were, "God may forgive you, but I never can." It was the death-blow to the proud old queen, whose regret for the death of Essex could not be quenched by her pride and belief in his ingratitude. A confirmed melancholy settled upon her; she died lonely and broken-hearted. Thus was the murder of Fotheringay avenged.

This ring is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, and three views of it are here engraved. It is of gold, of extremely delicate workmanship throughout. A cameo head of the queen is cut on hard onyx and set as its central jewel; the execution of this head is of the highest order, and may possibly have been the work of Valerio Vincentino, an Italian artist who



visited England and cut similar works for Elizabeth and Burleigh. It is one of the most minute but the most powerful of likenesses. The hoop of the ring is enriched with engraving, and the under-surface decorated with floriated ornament, relieved by blue enamel. It has descended from Lady Frances Devereux, Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother and daughter, to the present possessor. Although

the entire story has met with disbelievers, the most sceptical must allow that whether this be *the* ring or not, it is valuable as a work of Art of the Elizabethan era.

A ring possessing even greater claim to notice, but depending for its appropriation on its own internal evidence, is the next on our list. It purports to be the seal-ring of William Shakespeare, and was found March 16, 1810, by a labourer's wife, in the mill



close adjoining Stratford-on-Avon churchyard. It passed into the possession of R. B. Wheler, Esq., the historian of the town; and his sister, at his death, presented it to the museum of Shakesperian relics formed in the birthplace of the poet. It is of gold, weighing 12 dwts; having the initials W. S. braced together by a tasselled cord; the only other ornament upon the ring being a band of pellets and lines on the outer edge of the bezel.

Is it Shakespeare's? It is evidently a gentleman's ring, and of the poet's era. It is just such a ring as a man in his station would fittingly wear—gentlemanly, but not pretentious. There was but one other person in the small town of Stratford at that time to whom the same initials belonged. This was one William Smith, but *his* seal is attached to several documents preserved among the records of the corporation and is totally different. Mr. Halliwell, in his Life of Shakespeare, observes that "little doubt can be entertained that this ring belonged to the poet, and it is, probably, the one he lost before his death, and was not to be found when his will was executed, the word *hand* being substituted for *seal* in the original copy of that document."†

In the great poet's will, five of his friends have bequests of memorial rings. Two are his townsmen, Hamlett Sadler and William Raynoldes, who each have twenty-six shillings and eightpence left them "to buy them rings;" the other three being the actors ("my fellows," as he affectionately terms them) John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell,‡ each of whom has a similar sum.

Rings were at this time an almost necessary part of the fit-out of a gentleman; they indicated rank and character by their style or their devices. Hence the wills and inventories of the era abound with notices of rings, many persons wearing them in profusion, as may be seen in the portraits painted at this time. The Germans particularly delighted in them, and wore them upon many fingers, and upon different joints of the fingers, the forefinger especially; a whimsical custom still kept by their descendants. The ladies even wreathed them in the bands of their head-dresses. Rabelais in his renowned romance speaks of the rings

* He was a draper; and his seal has a device upon it consisting of a skull with a bone in the mouth; the letters W. S. are under it, and very small. This ring was most probably of silver. It is unlikely that a small trader like Smith should wear a heavy gold ring, like this which claims to be Shakespeare's.

† The concluding words of the will are—"in witness whereof I have hereunto put my seal," the last word being struck through with a pen, and *hand* substituted.

‡ Heminge was the old stage-manager, who, like Shakespeare, became very wealthy by the profession. Burbage was the great tragedian, the Garrick of the Elizabethan stage, and the original performer of Richard III. Condell was a comedian, part-proprietor of the Globe Theatre; it is to him and Heminge we are indebted for the first complete edition of Shakespeare's works, the folio of 1623.

Gargantua wore because his father desired him to "renew that ancient mark of nobility." On the forefinger of his left hand he had a gold ring, set with a large carbuncle; and on the middle finger one of mixed metal, then usually made by alchemists. On the middle finger of the right hand he had "a ring made spire-wise, wherein was set a perfect balew ruby, a pointed diamond, and a Phyon emerald of inestimable value."

Italy now furnished the most splendid and tasteful jewellery; the workmen of Venice exceeding all others. The Londenborough collection supplied us with a graceful example, Fig. 9. The claws support the setting of a sharply-pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then coveted for writing on glass. It was with a similar ring Raleigh wrote the words on the window-pane—"Fain would I rise, but that I fear to fall"—to



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

which Queen Elizabeth added, "If thy heart fail thee do not rise at all;" an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

In Burges' life of Sir Thomas Gresham is engraved the wedding ring of that eminent merchant-prince. "It opens horizontally, thus forming two rings, which are nevertheless linked together, and respectively inscribed on the inner side with a Scripture posy. *Quod Deus conjunxit* is engraved on one half, and *Homo non separat* on the other." It is here copied, Fig. 10.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Magnetic Lady," the parson compelled to form a hasty wedding asks—

"Have you a wedding ring?"

To which he receives as answer—

"Ay, and a posie:
Annus hic nobis, quod sic eterque, dabit."

He at once exclaims—

"—Good!
This ring will give you what you both desire.
I'll make the whole house chant it, and the parish."

Such rings were known as Gimmel or Gimmel rings, the word being derived from the Italian *gemelli*, twins. The two making one, and though separate, undivisible, peculiarly fitted them for wedding rings. Their structure will be best understood from the very fine specimen in the Londenborough collection, Fig. 11. The ring, as



Fig. 11.

lower figure shows the ring parted, displaying the inscription on the flat side of each section, which is also enriched by engraving and niello.

Dryden, in his play of "Don Sebastian," describes such a ring:—

"A curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceived;
Yet they are both each other's counterpart.
(Her part had *Juan* inscribed, and his had *Zaida*:
You know those names were theirs), and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed.
Now if the rivets of those Rings inclosed
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie:
But if they join, we must for ever part."

A complete illustration of this passage of the poet is afforded by our next example from the same collection. It also illustrates



Dr Nares' remark that "Gimmel rings, though originally double, were by a further refinement made triple, or even more complicated; yet the name remained unchanged." So Herrick:—

"Thou sent'st to me a true love knot; but I
Return a ring of jimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tie."

This ring is shown as it appears when closed. It parts into three hoops, secured on a small pivot, as seen below; the toothed edge of the central hoop, forming an ornamental centre to the hoop of the ring, and having two hearts in the middle; a hand is affixed to the side of the upper and lower hoop; the fingers slightly raised, so that when the hoops are brought together, they link in each other, and close over the hearts, securing all firmly.

A mechanical ring of still greater mystic significance is shown, Fig. 13, and is one



Fig. 13.

of the most curious of the Londenborough series. The outside of the hoop is perfectly plain, and is set with a ruby and amethyst. Upon pressing these stones, a spring opens, and discovers the surface covered with magical signs and names of spirits; among them Asmodiel, Nachiel, and Zamiel occur, a similar series occupying the interior of the hoop. Such a ring might be worn without suspicion of its true import, looking simplicity itself, but fraught with unholy meaning. It was probably constructed for some German mystic philosopher, at a time when students, like Faust, devoted themselves and their fortune to occult sciences, believing in the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and the power given to man to control the unseen world of spirits.

We close our review of the art of ring-making in the sixteenth century with two very beautiful examples. Fig. 14, from the Londenborough collection, has a ruby in a very tall setting, enriched by enamel. The sides of the hoop are highly decorated with

closed and worn on the finger, is shown in the uppermost figure. It is set with sapphire and amethyst, the elaborate and beautiful design enriched by coloured enamels. The

flowers and scroll ornament, also richly enamelled. The Waterton collection gives us Fig. 15, a gold enamelled ring, set with a large turquoise in the centre, and surrounded by six raised garnets. This ring is



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

stated to have subsequently belonged to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, whose cypher is upon it.

We must not, however, end this portion of our history without a reference to the simple, but most important, "plain gold ring" of matrimony. It was at this time almost universally inscribed with a "posy" of one or two lines of rhyme. Two specimens are here engraved. Fig. 16 is formed



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.

like the badge of the Order of the Garter, with the buckle in front, and the motto of the Order outside the hoop; within the words "I'll win and wear you." The ordinary form of ring is shown in Fig. 17, and is inscribed "Let Likinge laste." They were invariably inscribed *within* the hoop. Thus Llyly, in his "Euphues," 1597, addressing the ladies, hopes they will favour his work, "writing their judgments as you do the posies in your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seen of him that holdeth you by the hand, and yet known by you that wear them on your hands." Such jingling rhymes were in great request, and exerted the ingenuity of poetasters and small wits. In 1624, a small collection of them was printed, with the quaint title, "Love's Garland; or posies for rings, handkerchiefs, and gloves, and such pretty tokens that lovers send their loves." They are generally in double, seldom in triple lines of rhyme. The Rev. R. Brooke, of Gateforth House, Selby, has presented a curious collection of such rings to the South Kensington Museum. The six following posies are selected from this series, as they are good examples of the average inspirations of ring-poets:—

"Seithe God hath wrought this choice in thee,
So frame thyselfe to comfouth mee."
"United hearts death only parts."
"Let us share in joy and care."
"A faithfull wife preserveth life."
"As God decreed so we agreed."
"Love and live happily."

The custom of thus inscribing rings continued until the middle of the last century. There is a story told of Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1753, that he inscribed his fourth wife's ring with these words:—

"If I survive
I'll make them five."

Horace Walpole says—"My Lady Rochford desired me t'other day to give her a motto for a ruby ring." At that time posies were not confined to wedding rings.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

On the evening of the 21st of March, the members of this association met, with their president, Mr. Beresford-Hope, in the chair, to distribute the prizes offered last year for excellence in certain kinds of Art-workmanship. The awards were—For *Silver-Work*, £10 to Henry Whitehouse, jun.; 5 guineas to Septimus Beresford; an extra prize of 3 guineas to G. J. Langley; and an extra prize of 1 guinea and a book to Walter Stainson; for *Transparent Enamels*, £7 to H. de Koningh, and £3 to Fred. Lowe; for *Opaque Enamels*, £10 to Alfred Gray; and for *Chinese Cloisonné Enamels*, an extra prize of a book to H. de Koningh.

Prior to the distribution being made, Mr. Hope delivered an address on "The People's Share in Art." In discussing the subject, he remarked, that he would deal with it not so much as regarded the advancement or trade-profit of the Art-producer, as from the point of view in which the interest and advantage of the Art-consumer are concerned. He proposed to speak of the people's share in Art,—the share of those persons, some of whom might be able to practise more or less of Art, and to do so for their own amusement and edification, and not as their calling in life. He would place before them, plainly and emphatically, a general test for a general qualification in Art,—as not one to which they ought to be indifferent,—one of those things which, as the world is now constituted, might or might not exist in a nation, but which ought to exist if the nation meant adequately to fulfil its mission among the other peoples of the earth, in a social, moral, intellectual, and material point of view. They should first inquire how far it was desirable or necessary to the well-being of a people that a general appreciation of Art should be diffused; next, how far it was desirable towards this diffusion of taste in Art that facilities for making acquaintance with Art should be afforded to the general public. How far, in other words, should they take steps, not only that persons should appreciate drawing, carving, and so on, but also, to a certain extent, be converted into carvers and draughtsmen, although carving and drawing might never be more to them than an amusement, or, at the outside, a very temporary and occasional employment. The question, "How far ought education to be the education simply of the eye, and not so exclusively of the memory and the intellect?" brought them back to principles of a deeper and wider character than mere consideration of artistic beauty. It resolved at once into that great first principle which all those who studied the philosophy of the human mind in no narrow, no bigoted, or dry spirit, were united in asserting, namely, that for the healthy development of the mind, the imagination, no less than the reason, must be cultivated. This is an age in which science has made gigantic progress, an age in which the machinery of literature, so to speak—printing, journals, public speaking—had attained a position and acquired a power such as no previous time furnished any instance of. All these were, in their way, antagonistic to the development of the imagination; but, on the other hand, they were good and right in themselves.

After showing how much the ordinary literature of our day was imbued with materialism rather than imagination and true poetical feeling, and that our social condition contributed in no small measure to this result,—one greatly to be deplored,—Mr. Hope proceeded to point out a remedy for the evils complained of; and that is, to give to the masses, with a free, liberal, and open hand, the means of enjoying, and the opportunity of seeing, Art; give them, too, the opportunity of learning such principles of Art as shall enable them to appreciate the merits or recognise the demerits of the specimens of Art brought before them. The creation of a general Art-feeling was quite possible, and it was called for especially in this day, when materialism must be counteracted by cultivated imagination.

Mr. Hope's address throughout was of a truly practical character, and it ought to bear good fruit in those who listened to it.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE PATTEN, A.R.A.

OUR necrologic announcements have fallen greatly into arrears of late, owing to the pressure of other matters on our columns.

The death of this artist, the oldest Associate member of the Royal Academy, and who, during the life of the Prince Consort, held the appointment of Portrait Painter in Ordinary to his Royal Highness, occurred in the month of March. For some few years past he resided near Ross, in Herefordshire, but he returned to the neighbourhood of London not very long ago, and took up his abode at Winchmore Hill.

Mr. Sandby, in his "History of the Royal Academy," says Mr. Patten was born in June, 1801. His father was a miniature-painter, and his son, being desirous of following the same profession, entered the schools of the Royal Academy to study, at the age of fifteen years. In due time he commenced practice, continuing to paint miniatures till the year 1830. But two years preceding this date, he determined to qualify himself for painting life-size portraits in oils, and accordingly he studied a second time in the schools of the Academy. In 1837 Mr. Patten went to Italy and studied the works of the old Italian artists in Rome, Venice, Parma, &c.; on his return he was elected Associate of the Academy. He afterwards revisited Germany, where, in 1840, he painted a portrait of the late Prince Consort, who conferred upon him the appointment referred to already. Though the name of this artist will be chiefly known as a portrait-painter—he had constant commissions for works of this class as presentations from corporate bodies, &c.—he frequently exhibited ideal and other kindred compositions; such, for example, as his 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' 'Bacchus and Ino,' 'The Passions,' from the well-known ode by Collins, 'The Madness of Hercules,' 'Hymen burning the Arrows of Cupid,' 'Cupid caught by the Graces,' 'Flora and Zephyrus,' 'The Destruction of Idolatry in England,' 'Susannah and the Elders,' 'The Bower of Bliss,' 'Apollo discovering the use of the Grape,' 'Apollo and Clytie,' and 'The youthful Apollo preparing to engage in a musical Contest with Paris,' the last of his exhibited works—in 1864. Several of these pictures are painted on a scale too large for the artist's powers to carry out successfully: Mr. Patten evidently aimed at Etty's manner, and though his flesh-painting of the nude, or semi-nude figure, was fairly good, it cannot for an instant be brought into comparison with that of Etty. His designs are not without considerable grace and spirit.

The only artist to whom Paganini sat was Mr. Patten; his portrait of the great violinist, and his 'Dante in Inferno,' were the two pictures selected by the Academy to represent the painter at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, in 1855.

MR. WILLIAM LEE.

We have to notice the death of the above-named artist, which occurred at his residence in the Euston Road, on the 22nd of January. Mr. Lee, who had reached the age of fifty-five years, was for many years a member of the Langham School, and succeeded Mr. Jenkins in the office of secretary, the duties of which he discharged with ability and assiduity, till compelled to resign by the long and painful disease that terminated his life. Mr. Lee's contributions of English rustic and French coast figures, both single and in groups, were always

attractive in the gallery of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, a society of which he was long a member.

AUGUST KISS.

The death of this sculptor, whose colossal group of the Amazon became such a well-known feature in the Great Exhibition of 1851, is announced to have taken place on the 25th of March, at Berlin. He was a native of Gleiwitz, and was born in March, 1802. At the age of twenty-one he went to Berlin, where he received much assistance in his studies from Tierck; but in 1824 he entered the atelier of Rauch, with whom he remained a considerable time. He also studied in the *Institute l'Industrie*, and in the Berlin Academy. For the former edifice Kiss executed the eight small groups which ornament the fountain in the court, from the designs of Schinkel; and some bas-reliefs in the church at Potsdam are also his work; but he will be principally known by the noble group of the Amazon, which he modelled so far back as 1839. Of his later productions the most prominent are, a statue of Frederick the Great, and a large group of 'George and the Dragon.'

Kiss had, for some considerable time, held the responsible position of Professor of Sculpture in the Berlin Academy. His decease, though not altogether unlooked for by those who knew he had long suffered from a determination of blood to the head, was very sudden: he was found dead in his bed.

MR. WILLIAM HUMPHREYS.

The death of this gentleman, many years ago in good practice as a line-engraver, is announced as having taken place on the 21st of January, at Villa Novello, Genoa, whither he had gone, at the invitation of his friend, Mr. Alfred Novello, in the hope of restoring his health. Mr. Humphreys produced numerous small plates for "annals," when these were in fashion, and for other illustrated books, such as editions of the American poets, Bryant and Longfellow, published in America, where he was resident during many years, and employed chiefly upon engraving vignettes for bank-notes and other paper used in commercial transactions. He was also much engaged on similar work when he returned to England. The portrait of our Queen on postage stamps was engraved by him, and likewise the head of Washington, used also as a postage stamp by the United States. The most important of his "picture-plates" are—"Sancho and the Duchess," after Leslie; the "Magdalen," after Correggio's celebrated painting at Dresden; the "Coquette," and "Kitty Fisher," after Reynolds; and "Young Lambton," after Lawrence. Mr. Humphreys was a native of Dublin, and had attained the age of seventy-one, when an attack of paralysis resulted in his death.

MR. EDWARD JOHN ROBERTS.

The name of this engraver, who died on the 22nd of March, at the age of sixty-eight, is scarcely known out of the profession to which he belonged. He was chiefly employed by other engravers to *etch* their plates, and it was in the execution of such work that Mr. Roberts particularly excelled: the elaborateness and fidelity of his etchings rendered the subsequent operations of the engraver a comparatively easy task.

Mr. Roberts commenced his career under the late Mr. Charles Heath, with whom he resided many years, assisting in the pro-

duction of the various "Annals" published by him. In 1832 he undertook the engraving and publication of the *Continental Annual*, from the drawings of Prout, and two years afterwards of Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," illustrated by his namesake, but not a relation—D. Roberts, R.A. His next illustrated work was "The Rhine," from drawings by Birket Foster, published by the late Mr. Bogue. Many of the etchings of these beautiful plates were executed by himself, and several of the prints bear his name. Notwithstanding the temptation which the success of these books offered him to continue his labours in his own name, he preferred devoting his time to etching, and was thus engaged on many of the plates engraved in our Journal—the "Lake of Lucerne," for example, in the present number—and on others of larger size.

We understand that the series of plates engraved for the *Continental Annual*, and the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," will be sold with the collection of works of Art left by Mr. Roberts, for the benefit of his family.

MR. JOHN CASSELL.

The name of Mr. Cassell, in connection with popular literature, has become, it has been truly said, "a household word;" as the projector and publisher of a very large number of works, which give employment to numerous artists and engravers. His death, on the 2nd of April, cannot be passed over without some notice in our columns.

With little or no scholastic education, and employed through many years of his early life as a hard "worker" among the working classes, he managed, by untiring energy and great perseverance, to raise himself above his fellows, and acquired no little popularity and influence by the zeal with which he advocated the temperance movement. He was, moreover, enabled in time to engage in some successful commercial pursuits; and afterwards embarked in the business of a publisher, and commenced that long catalogue of literary works with which his name, as the senior partner in the firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, is associated, and so extensively known. What Charles Knight and Robert and William Chambers have done for the middle classes, Mr. Cassell has done for the classes below these. To enumerate even one-half of the publications which have issued from the extensive printing establishment on Ludgate Hill, would be to write a longer list than we have space for. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight; but he lived long enough to effect much good, and to leave a name entitled to sincere respect.

MR. THOMAS GARRETT.

We have received intelligence of the death, on the 2nd of April, of this gentleman, at the advanced age of eighty years. The event, which from our personal acquaintance with Mr. Garrett we heard of with much regret, deserves a record in our Journal, inasmuch as the ceramic arts of the country are much indebted to him for the progress they have made of late years. Mr. Garrett was long a partner in the house of Mr. Alderman Copeland, and upon him devolved, in connection with the late Mr. Thomas Battain, the working, so to speak, of the artistic arrangements of the establishment in its earlier attempts to unite true Art with manufacture.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN MITCHELL, ESQ., BRADFORD.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

D. MacLise, R.A., Painter. J. Stephenson, Engraver. LAPIDARIES are accustomed to estimate the value of precious stones less by their size than by the purity and brilliance of their colours. Something of the same kind of test must be applied to pictures whose excellence consists not in the extent of canvas covered by the artist, nor in the variety and quantity of subject-matter he places upon it, but in the masterly disposition of whatever he introduces, in the truth with which this is expressed, and in the appeal that the work makes to our judgment and feelings by the care, and the knowledge of what is beautiful in Art, expended upon it to render it acceptable to the spectator. On these principles we may pronounce this little picture to be not a whit less worthy of consideration than Mr. MacLise's more important works, such as 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher,' his 'Bohemian Gipsies,' 'Marriage of Strongbow,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'The Vow of the Peacock,' and others. The 'Ballad Singer' is a woman with a gipsy style of face: she carries a half-naked baby at her back, and on her right arm a basket of fruit with "accompaniments," the meaning of which, in connection with her professed avocation, if it be that of a wandering vocalist, is not very clear; still the apples have afforded the painter an opportunity of putting in a few touches of brilliant colouring. She has entered the front garden of a wayside cottage, and is presumed to be serenading its inmates with a song, the words of which she holds in her hands; a redbreast perched on the garden palings is evidently uniting his music with that of the ballad singer.

The principal figure is bold and free in design, and is richly coloured; exquisite in detail, and luxuriant in growth, are the masses of lilac flowers and foliage which form the chief background of the picture, bringing into relief the woman, whose costume and adornments, by the way, seem rather above one in her position of life.

Ballad singing, as a *profession*, has almost, if not quite, become a thing of the past; modern taste and the "march of intellect" have ruined the vocation: but in Charles the Second's reign, and even later, ballad singers were a kind of institution, and were compelled to take out a licence before practising their art. In the *London Gazette* of April 13, 1682, appeared the following notice:—"Whereas Mr. John Clarke, of London, bookseller, did rent of Charles Killigrew, Esq., the licensing of all ballad singers for five years, which time is expired at Lady-day next; these are, therefore, to give notice to all ballad singers, that they take out licences at the Office of the Revels at Whitehall, for singing and selling of ballads and small books, according to an ancient custom. And all persons concerned are besides desired to take notice of, and to suppress all mountebanks, rope-dancers, prize-players, ballad singers, and such as make show of motions and strange sights, that have not a licence, in red and black letters, under the hand and seal of the said Charles Killigrew, Esq., Master of the Revels to His Majesty." There are some old laws it seems a pity to have repealed; this, to some extent, is one of them. Were it in existence, our public streets and places of popular amusement might be freed from much annoyance.



D. MACLISE. R.A. PINK.

J. STEPHENSON. SCULP.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN MITCHELL, ESQ. BRADFORD.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



ENTLE, suave, and tender, in look and manner, with very little outward development of power, but with an aspect that indicated a sensitive and generous soul, was the poet, James Montgomery—when I knew him in 1830. His early associateship with the sect called the "Moravian Brethren" had probably given a tinge of melancholy to his mind, for so he always seemed to me, and so, I believe, he seemed to others.

It matters little whether he was or was

not a descendant of that ancient family, whose name is renowned in three kingdoms, and who "came in with the Conqueror;" he had a higher boast, that he was

"The son of parents passed into the skies."

His father was the Rev. John Montgomery, who had been appointed to the pastoral charge of a small congregation of the "United (Moravian) Brethren," at Irvine, a seaport in Ayrshire; and on the 4th of November, 1771, the poet was there born. His father and mother were both Irish, and of Irish descent. He was himself, therefore, more than half Irish—as he said to his friend, John Holland, having "barely escaped

being born in Ireland,"—entering the world a few weeks after the arrival of his mother at Irvine, and returning with her to Ireland four years and a half after his birth. He received his earliest lessons at Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, from a genuine Irish schoolmaster—"one Neddy McKaffery,"—and was educated at the Moravian Settlement, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds, his parents having been removed to the Island of Barbadoes, as "missionaries among the negro slaves." His mother died at Tobago in 1790, and his father at Barbadoes in 1791. The mission was unfortunate. The good man, in his hopelessness, exclaimed, "Oh that I knew one soul in Tobago truly concerned for his salvation, how should I rejoice!" They pursued their vocation, none the less; doing, as far as they could, the work of their Master, amid privations and sufferings, literally unto death: thus wrote their post-mortem:

"Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

During his long life, James Montgomery paid but one visit to the land in which he was born. It is, therefore, absurd to describe him as a Scotchman; to all intents and purposes he was, as he himself said he had nearly been, an Irishman; for it is certain that the native country of a man is not determined by the accident of birth; otherwise some of the most renowned Englishmen must be treated as Frenchmen or Spaniards. A man loses no civil rights, as a British subject, by being born in a foreign state, nor does he by such "mischance" acquire any of the privileges to which, as a native of such state, he would be entitled.*

In 1830, when Mr. Everett, one of Montgomery's biographers, visited Grace Hill, a nephew and two aunts of the poet were "residents" there. Probably some of the family live there still. Montgomery himself visited Grace Hill in 1842. He had retained a vivid recollection of the place, and the several objects and incidents associated with it.

When Montgomery visited Irvine, where he was formally welcomed by the authorities with the respect due to one whose genius and virtues had done honour to the Burgh, the little chapel in which his father preached was no longer used as a

*Hail the High, the Holy One
God in all the first, the last,
For He spake and was done
He commanded, it stood fast.*

*Gifford, C.
Avt. 3. 1835.*

J. Montgomery.

sanctuary. It then contained four or five looms; yet he had a strong memory of

the place, and was deeply touched by the visit—"its bridge, its river, its street-

aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea-

* Maria Edgeworth was born at Bath. Her claim to be

glimpses between." His memory of Grace Hill was necessarily more clear and strong, but he had evidently no special attachment to either. He was indeed, though not in fact, a native of Sheffield.

Fulneck, a few miles from Leeds, was, and is, not only a settlement, but may be called a college of the Moravians. Montgomery became a scholar there in 1777, the design of his parents being to educate him for the ministry. It must have been a dolorous place, according to the vivid description of William Howitt, though others have spoken of it differently. No doubt in 1777 it was far less dismal than it is in 1865, when huge chimneys stretch up to the sky, clouds are intercepted by smoke, and a perpetual din of the hammer drowns the song of birds—if any remain to sing.

But in its best time, little of the more striking aspects of beautiful nature could have been without the walls; while within, the Fathers and "Brethren" sought by precept and example to close the outer world to the eyes and hearts of the neophytes. Such a locality, and such a system, would have dried up the living fountain that issued from the heart even of great Wordsworth. True, something must be conceded to systematic education, but a worse home in which to educate a poet can hardly be conceived. Neither was Montgomery much better off when in after life his Parnassus was the close street called "Hartahead," or even "The Mount," at Sheffield—the world's factory of steel and iron.

No doubt, in his poetry, his narrow sectarianism was a serious trammel. He could never give full vent to fancy; imagination was not permitted to body forth the forms of things unknown; inventions were stigmatised as falsehoods; and fiction was a convicted crime. The fine phrenzy of the poet was, therefore, a sin against the brotherhood; and themes in which happier "makers" revelled, were excluded from entries in his book of life. Montgomery was not heard in protest against this untoward fate; although he does complain that he had been often compelled to sacrifice brilliant forms of expression, which, whatever admiration they may have won from many readers, were "incompatible with Christian verity."

Montgomery's promise of the future was not such as to justify the hopes of the Directors at Fulneck: the ministry was not to be his lot. Little did the good fathers foresee that the rejected was to become a mightier teacher—more powerful to influence the hearts and minds of human

English stronger than that of Montgomery to be Scottish; for her mother was an Englishwoman, and she was many years a resident in England before she visited Ireland. Cardinal Wiseman was precisely circumstanced as was James Montgomery: his parents were Irish, but he was born in Spain, and went to England for education when five or six years old.

Montgomery, in the course of a speech at a public meeting, made these remarks:—"If I did not love Ireland fervently, I should be a most unnatural and ungrateful wretch; every drop of blood in my veins was drawn from Irish fountains; both my parents were Irish, and the first motion of my heart was communicated by the pulse of an Irish mother's."

I thought it well to determine this point, and put a written case before an eminent lawyer of England. This is his opinion:—"If born of English parents, no matter where—Scotland, Spain, or in any vessel, in any clime—he is English: there is an especial act of the British Parliament putting the matter beyond question. Certainly, if born in Spain, he could claim no rights as a Spaniard, nor lose any as an Englishman, always supposing the parents had not been naturalised." As it was possible the Scottish law differed from the English, I consulted a Scottish lawyer. This is his opinion:—"The fact of being born in Scotland is of no account. A child so born is no more a Scotchman by virtue of that fact, than he would be a mariner by being born at sea."

"One of the Moravian pastors asks Montgomery in a letter from Fulneck:—"Do you yourself ascribe your tendency to depression of spirits to your mode of education here?" There appears to have been no answer to the question.

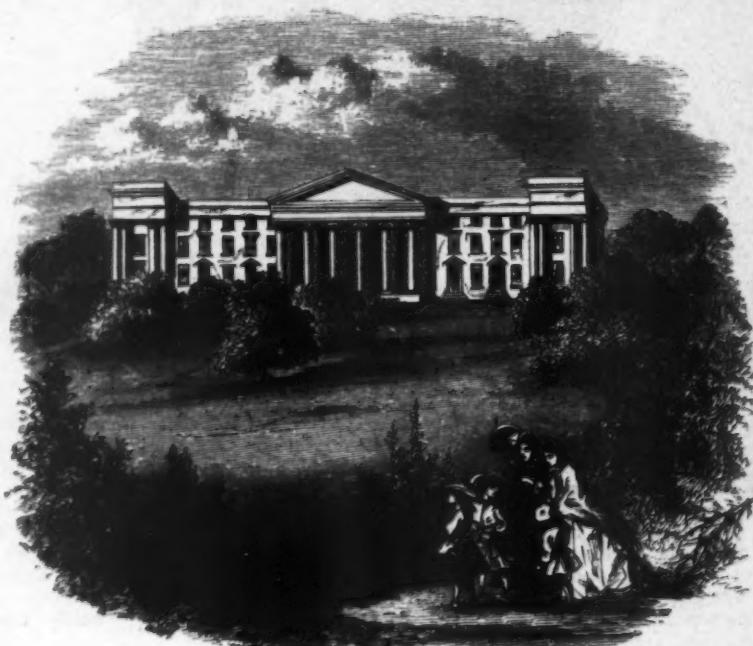
kind—than the whole of the students put together whom Fulneck was rearing to become missionaries throughout the world; that the silent, unsocial, and seemingly indolent lad, whom, hopeless of better things, they had to consign to the counter of a small shopkeeper at Wath, was destined to make their gentle faith reverenced to the uttermost parts of earth, among the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Neither was shop-thralldom for him; he threw off the shackles they had placed on his soul. Considering himself free (as he was not under indentures) to act for himself, he set forth "to seek his fortune," but almost penniless, and without a guide; nay, not without a guide, for the Master he was to serve as the "Christian poet" of a future, was at his side. After a brief sojourn with the shopkeeper at Wath, and a bookseller in London, he was conducted to the proverbially unpoetic and intellectually unfruitful town of Sheffield, where the whole of his after-life was passed from the age of twenty-one to that of eighty-three. To

the "hard-handed" men in that capital of "toil and traffic," he brought a shining light. Assuredly, he was led where he was most needed; and who shall say how far the gentle teachings and glad tidings of the Gospel, preached by him during so many years, from the printing press, and in so many *viva voce* speeches, influenced a people, many of them then and always conspicuous for passionate, not to say reckless, ardour? and who shall gauge the influence of the Christian poet in counterbalancing the dangerous efforts of a lofty but fierce democratic power that soon obtained ascendancy in that stirring and energetic town?—the one poet uttering curses loud and deep against a tax-fed aristocracy; the other breathing gently in his prose and verse, and illustrating by his example, the merciful teachings of the suffering yet ever considerate Saviour.

Yes, the pulpit of James Montgomery was the wide, wide world, and his congregation the whole of humankind.

Moreover, he was unfitted for the ministry by "constitutional indolence,"—he might



THE MOUNT, AT SHEFFIELD: MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

have said, excessive sensibility. Of himself he writes, so early as 1794, "I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy." "I who am always asleep when I ought to be working."

But Montgomery had, in reality, "no vocation for the pulpit," and it is not unlikely that the austerity of Fulneck school rendered a prospect of the ministry distasteful to him; at any rate, the rebound of his spirit, when breaking away from his religious teachers, took a different direction. His destiny was to be, not a man of peace, but a man of war (with the pen, that is to say). Very early in life he launched his fragile, if not "frail" bark, on the stormy sea of politics. His youth and his earlier manhood were expended in the party-contests of a provincial town; although his large mind and high soul dealt occasionally with the loftier topics that concern humanity. No doubt, in the main and for a time, he

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In 1794, Montgomery commenced to publish in Sheffield the *Iris* newspaper, passing in a few short months from "a seclusion

almost equal to that of the cloister," to what was then one of the most responsible and perilous stations in active life—that of "a newspaper publisher, politician, and patriot"—exhibiting, as if in proof of Dr. Johnson's notable averment, "something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward."

On the 4th of July the first number appeared. He had soon to endure the pains and penalties consequent on his position. In October, 1794, he was prosecuted for printing "a patriotic song by a clergyman of Belfast." The passage that was pronounced "libellous" by the sapient justices who tried the case, was this:—

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,
Most important its issue will be,
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs, the world will be free."

The verses were written by a Mr. Scott, of Dromore, and were sung at a festival in Belfast, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile; and they had been printed in various newspapers (among others, the

Morning Chronicle) a year before Montgomery was prosecuted for reprinting them for a ballad-hawker; for which he received as a printer the sum of eighteen-pence. It bore internal evidence that he was not the writer—indeed, that was not charged against him;—yet he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of £20.

Not long afterwards (in 1796) he was a second time tried, convicted, and imprisoned for libel. It was for printing in his newspaper what he considered a true statement of facts concerning a riot that had taken place at Sheffield, in which several lives were lost. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £60.

Again, therefore, to quote his own words, "he kept house in York Castle."

In a letter I received from him in 1837, he thus alludes to himself:—"The disappointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it, which my mind has never recovered. For many years I was as mute as a moulting bird, and when

the power of song returned, it was without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries have manifested, and have owed much of their success to such inspiration from their own conscious talents."

No doubt much of this state of mind resulted from the severity of criticism dealt out to him; it acted on a naturally sensitive mind and a delicate constitution, and had the effect it was probably designed to produce. Take, for example, the following extract from the *Edinburgh Review*—January, 1807—where Montgomery was cried down (!) as "intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati;" "a writer of middling verses," whose readers were "half-educated women, sickly tradesmen, and enamoured apprentices;" a "most musical and melancholy gentleman," "very weakly, very finical, and very affected." The review ending with a prophecy that "in less than three years no one will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,'

mile outside the town, and overlooking the valley of the Sheaf. The house occupied by the poet was one of eight, which together form a handsome and imposing pile of building. We were amused with Mr. Holland's account of the surprise of the American poet, Bryant, at the first sight of The Mount—on the supposition that the Sheffield bard, occupying the whole, was housed in so palatial a style!

In 1830, Montgomery was in London to deliver lectures on English Literature, at the Royal Institution.

It was then he visited us—in Sloane Street. I had seen him once before, during a rapid run through Sheffield, when I had a brief interview with him, seated, *ex cathedra*, in the office of the *Iris*, in the dingy locality before mentioned. It was in that year, while he was contenting himself with the production of occasional verses—often commemorating the worth of the departed, soothing sorrow, and arousing hope in survivors—that another Montgomery—ROBERT MONTGOMERY—claimed and obtained the suffrages of the world. The "Omnipresence of the Deity" rapidly passed through seven or eight editions, and *Robert* gave, in a year, more employment to the printers than *James* had found for them in half a century of work. Yet surely, while the one was pure gold—thrice tried in the furnace—the other was, by comparison, "sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal."

Some notes here concerning Robert Montgomery may not be out of place or unacceptable to my readers.

I remember *James* Montgomery calling upon me soon after the work of his namesake appeared, and became at once "famous." His mind seemed much unsettled, and he spoke as if under the influence of some affliction, as he asked me for my sympathy, showing me a letter, and telling me it was not the only one of the kind he had received, in which the writer congratulated him on the success of his new poem, "adding that it was undoubtedly his best, and that as he grew in years he grew in vigour and in beauty." The new poem was "The Omnipresence of the Deity."

No doubt the sudden, extreme, and irrational popularity of Robert gave pain to *James*, not from envy certainly, but on account of the mistakes arising, not always undesignedly, by the similarity of names. It is not in human nature to bear such mortifications without umbrage. Whether Robert was *particeps criminis* or not, I cannot say, but certainly the advertisements issued by his publisher—Mauder—of "Montgomery's new poem," repeated perpetually without any prefix, if not intended to deceive, did deceive, not the public alone, but the booksellers, and in some instances critics and reviewers. One speaker, at a public meeting, *James* being present, alluded in terms highly complimentary to Robert's poem of "Woman," as "rendering tardy honours to the sex," and in their name tendered thanks to James, whom he took to be its author.

A note to an article in the *Quarterly* which contained this passage, "we mean the poet Montgomery, and not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,'" &c., naturally excited the ire of Robert, who wrote to *James*, indignantly denying the assumption of the name, which he affirmed was his natural right. To that letter *James* wrote a lengthened reply, in which he stated, "the worst that I wish to Mr. Robert Montgomery is, that some rich man would die and leave him a handsome estate on condition that he should take the name of his benefactor;" but he did not



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

or any of the other poems" of James Montgomery! Such was the judgment of Francis Jeffrey. How righteously true! how glorious in its fulfilment was the prophecy put forth in 1807, the fulfilment which Jeffrey, the writer, lived to witness, so long afterwards as 1856!

In 1825, he retired from the *Iris*. On the 27th of September of that year, appeared the last number of that journal with the imprint of James Montgomery.† His fellow townsmen received him at a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided;

persons of all political opinions attended to do him honour, acknowledging his services to humanity, the gentleness with which he had done his "spiriting," the blameless tenor of his life, the suavity of his manners, and the firmness of his character—that as a public journalist he had honoured and dignified the Press of his country.

And throughout the kingdom, that opinion there was none to gainsay. Thenceforward he entirely abstained from political writing; and his biographer says that, in 1837, "his opinions had become, in the main, very similar to those now indicated by the term Conservative."

On retiring from business Montgomery left the premises in the Hartshead, where he had so long resided, and went to live at The Mount, a pleasant situation, about a

* When, in 1796, Coleridge was canvassing for subscribers to the *Watchman*, he declined efforts in Sheffield, "lest he should injure the sale of the *Iris*," "the Editor of which is a very amiable and ingenuous young man of the name of James Montgomery."

† The *Iris* was, at one time, "the only newspaper published at Sheffield," and in allusion to this fact, on Montgomery's relinquishing it, Wilson says in the "Noctes," "a hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their homes for thirty winters." He adds, "his poetry will live, for he has heart and imagination: the religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound."

"The Wanderer of Switzerland" was published in 1806; "The West Indies," 1810; "The World before the Flood," 1813; "Greenland," 1819; "Prose by a Poet," 1824; "The Pelican Island," 1827; "Lectures on Poetry," 1833.

conceal his vexation at the annoyances to which he had been subjected.*

I would not, however, seem to cast a slur upon the memory of the lesser, while landing the greater, *Montgomery*; the suffrages of thousands have given to him a niche in the temple of Fame, and if rated above his value as a poet, he was at all events a kindly man, a zealous *clergyman*, and a fervent *Christian*—to whose rare powers as a preacher some of our best charities are indebted for much of their means to lessen and relieve human suffering!

I think the exact particulars of his parentage have never been given: it is, however, believed his father's name was *Montgomery*,† but that he had dropped the aristocratic quarter of it, calling himself *Gomery*, and that Robert in resuming it did no more than he was entitled to do.

It was in 1825 or 1826 that Robert *Montgomery* brought me an introduction; I cannot now say from whom. There came to spend an evening with me a somewhat handsome and rather "foppish" young man, tall, and slight, and gentlemanly, though assuming and exacting in manners. His object was to read to me a poem he had written, which he called "The Age Reviewed." It was full of sparkling "cleverness," but was a satire on the leading reviewers, poets, and authors of the day. The half-fledged sparrow was about to peck at their plumes. Names the most honoured and reverenced in letters, some of whom were even then almost of the future, were treated with contumely and scorn; heroes in a hundred fights were to go down "before the grey goose-quill" of the boy Goliath! His great prototype, *Byron*, was bitterly lamenting a wicked folly of the kind, but the intellectual giant had strength for the encounter, which this thoughtless youth had not. I listened as he read, and when he had finished I gave him serious and earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected. Robert *Montgomery* published "The Age Reviewed,"‡ and lamented the wanton act of aggression all the days of his life. Many years passed before I again saw him; he had then been ordained, and was a favourite preacher—especially fond of preaching charity sermons. We were brought together in consequence of our mutual interest in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption at Brompton—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously.

He was certainly the vainest man I have ever known. To him notoriety was fame; a "few" was never a "fit" audience: he would have far preferred a bellow of applause from a crowded gallery to a half-suppressed murmur of admiration from "the first row in the pit."

The portrait I draw of him, however, cannot, and ought not to be, all shade. Beyond his vanity there was no harm in him; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. He was eloquent and impressive in the pulpit; and discharged zealously and faithfully his manifold duties as a clergyman. The Consumption Hospital is by no means the only charity for which he heartily

worked.* In all the minor relations of life—as husband, father, and friend—he was exemplary.

Of his merits as a poet I do not take upon myself to speak. A writer who lived to see thirty-six editions of one poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and many editions of several other poems, could not be without great merit, though it may be of "a certain kind;" moreover, he was not prostrated, although for a time hurled to the ground by the memorable and terrific assault of *Macaulay*; and though he died comparatively young,† he had a position and achieved a triumph for which thousands labour in vain.

It was, as I have said, in 1830 when he visited London to deliver, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures on poetry, that we became personally acquainted with *James Montgomery*. As a lecturer he cannot be described as successful; his matter was of course good, but his manner, as may be supposed, lacked the power, the earnestness, the conviction, in a word, that rarely fail to impress an audience, and which often stand serviceably in the stead of aids more important. Previously I had barely seen *Montgomery*, yet I had been in frequent correspondence with him, for he had written year after year for the *Amulet*, which contained some of his best compositions both in prose and verse. I was, however, prepared to see a gentleman of calm, sedate, and impressive exterior.

There was no timidity of manner before a London audience, but there was a want of depth and originality in his matter, beautiful and graceful as were his sentiments; while an utter absence of that positive and declamatory tone which so often stands for the power it simulates, lessened the appreciation of what he said. These lectures, received not unfavourably at the Royal Institution as the opinions of a poet concerning the brethren and mysteries of the craft, were delivered in several towns, and afterwards published in a volume, the reception of which would by no means be a fair or favourable criterion of the public appreciation of his merits as a poet.

In 1835 *James Montgomery* received one of the crown pensions—a grant of £150 a-year—the donor being *Sir Robert Peel*. It was one of the latest acts of the great statesman's government, for the day after the grant was made he ceased to be minister—for a time.

Montgomery was never married. His love verses have been variously interpreted. In a letter written when he was aged, he somewhat mysteriously alludes to his celibacy—"The secret is within myself, and it is on the way to the grave, from which no secret will be betrayed till the day of judgment."

The last time I saw *Montgomery* was during his one visit to the Exhibition in 1851; the venerable man was moving slowly about from stall to stall, examining, apparently with a dull and listless look, the beauties of manufactured Art by which he was surrounded. His form was shrunk, he stooped somewhat, his once bright eye seemed glazed; he was, indeed, but the shadow of his former self; yet I was told he had brightened up into his old nature when, just before, he had been looking over the books in one hundred and sixty-five languages of parts of the Holy Scripture

* Robert had the cure of a church in Glasgow when James visited that city, but did not call upon his venerable namesake; yet the poet went to hear him preach. On his return to Sheffield, James, being questioned on the subject, merely said, "I cannot be one of his eulogists, and I will not say anything to his disengagement."

† It is said, but I know not with what truth, that the father of Robert, usually called *Gomery*, had been a theatrical clown.

‡ "The Age Reviewed," Robert *Montgomery*. Professor *Wilson*, in the "Noctes," speaks of the book thus:—"I gave the thing a glance—wretched stuff."

* For the Consumption Hospital alone he preached thirty times, at thirty different churches, extending over a period from January, 1843, to December, 1853, adding thus to its funds no less a sum than £1,194 17s. 4d.

† The Rev. Robert *Montgomery* died in December, 1855, leaving a widow and one child.

that England had printed as a benefaction to varied mankind. I had to recall myself to his memory, but when I did so I obtained a cordial greeting, that even to-day I remember, and record with gratitude and pleasure. As I left him I could not help repeating his lines—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

I have said the personal appearance of *Montgomery* was not striking. The eye was the redeeming feature in an otherwise plain face. It was (or seemed to be) a clear, bright blue, outlooking and uplooking.*

In 1805, the sculptor, *Chantrey*, "a young artist whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents," painted a portrait of *Montgomery*. He was often painted. In 1827, by *Jackson, R.A.*, whose portrait is perhaps the best. That by *Illidge* is good. Mr. *Barber* painted a full-length for the *Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution*, where it now is, and where I have gladly seen it. But *Montgomery* said, that of all his portraits, there was not one he should like to see engraved. A faithful profile likeness of the "Christian Poet" appears on the bronze medal which is annually presented by the *Sheffield School of Art* to the most successful drawing by any pupil of English wild flowers; it was from a portrait carefully modelled from the life at four score. He considered, however, that his face was "rather improved than deteriorated by age." In one of his letters he speaks of himself as "the ugliest man in Sheffield." He was nothing of the kind.

Mrs. Hemans, who received a visit from *Montgomery* in 1828, speaks of his "mass of tangled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair;" and another writer says, that "when young, he had an abundant crop of caroty locks."

In 1825, when the poet may be said to have been at the best period of his life, and certainly in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by a Mr. *Carter*, editor of a newspaper in New York; and as Mr. *Holland* has reprinted the article that hence arose, we are to assume that he endorses it.

Of *Montgomery* he says, "in his manners the author manifests that mildness, simplicity, and kindness of heart so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation; his language polished, but without an approach to pedantry. . . . In person he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size; his complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast."

Mrs. Holland wrote for the *New Monthly* during my editorship, in 1835, an article, entitled "Sheffield and its Poets," in the course of which she thus describes *Montgomery*:

"He is the youngest man of his years I ever beheld; and at sixty years old might pass for thirty—such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation." She adds, "the lighting up of his eye when he is warmed by his subject is absolutely electrical."

In 1841, when he visited Scotland, he is thus described—in his sixty-fifth year: "His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay; his locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-

* One of the artists who painted his portrait, said that his eyes were "in reality a bright hazel, within a narrow circle of clear blue, and so lustrous, that in some lights the latter seemed the prevailing tint."

arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the 'clear, bald polish of the honoured head.'

Searle, in his life of Elliott, describes Montgomery as "polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, while his bland conversation rarely rose above a calm level." And Southey, in "The Doctor," thus refers to him, sending to the Christian poet the greeting of "one who admires thee as a poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good will." The two poets never met; the want of opportunity being often regretted by both.

Montgomery had many acquaintances, and a few devoted friends. Foremost among them was John Holland, whom he more than once calls a "good man and true." He was the poet's loved and loving friend from a very early period, and to him (in conjunction with Mr. Everett) was assigned the duty of compiling the life of the poet. The task was discharged with sound judgment and nice discrimination, although with deep affection and abundant zeal.*

In 1854 the time of James Montgomery had come; warnings that the hour of his removal was near at hand had been mercifully sent to him some time previously; "the labour of composition made him ill," yet his faculties were all sound, and though feeble, he was not bedridden. The last tracings of his pen were in the writing of a hymn, printed in Mercer's collection; this was the appropriate close of a species of composition in which he delighted and excelled; and a sweet memorial of his piety and skill in this way, is the volume of Hymns published not long before his death, specimens of which occur in every hymn-book published during the last fifty years. On the last evening of life he was out, and returned home "apparently as usual," but surprised his aged companion, Miss Gales,† by handing her the Bible, and saying, "Sarah, you must read." She did so, he knelt down and prayed, retired to his room, and in the morning it was found that his spirit had gone home; the tabernacle of his body was without inhabitant; the soul was with the Master whose faithful servant he had been, and whose work he had so long and so well done. He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 30th April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Those who knew him loved him, and by all he was respected and esteemed. By the tenor of his life, as well as ever by his writings, he advanced the cause of religion; in example, as well as in precept, he was a true Christian gentleman.

A fitting monument was proposed for him at Sheffield, and John Bell made a worthy design; the estimated cost, however, was beyond the reach even of zealous friends, and after some time fruitlessly spent, the same artist made a new design, comprising a life-size statue of the poet in bronze, upon a granite pedestal, containing a prolix inscription. This monument, placed over Montgomery's grave in the Sheffield Cemetery, was inaugurated by a public demonstration—rarely equalled for the number and respectability of those who took part in it, except at the funeral of the great and good man whose name and virtues are so deservedly commemorated.

* Mr. Holland, the author of numerous works in prose and verse, was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Mercury*. He still lives in a green and vigorous old age, and is at present the honoured manager of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophic Institution.

† This lady was the youngest and last survivor of three sisters of Mr. Gales, into whose office, as proprietor and publisher of the *Sheffield Register* newspaper, Montgomery was introduced on his first arrival in Sheffield.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHEN the summer palace of the Emperor of China at Pekin was destroyed by the combined armies of England and France, it was felt that a useful lesson had been read to a government that had met "barbarian" conciliation and trustfulness, by "civilised" treachery and murder; but it was also felt that a royal museum had been destroyed in the confiscation of this favourite residence, leaving a void that could never be similarly refilled.

All that Oriental luxury and wealth could do to make a terrestrial Paradise appears to have been done for this favoured retreat. It was a veritable palace of Aladdin. Its walls were panelled with ivory, and covered with silks of fabulous price; crystal chandeliers hung from its ceilings; its furniture was of the costliest kind, rendered still more precious by the most skilled labour of the artisan; its "bijouterie" and general "garniture" comprised the most ancient, rare, and valuable, as well as the most costly works of their class. The Art-history of China for a thousand years was enshrined in these walls.

The owner of the present collection—Captain de Negroni—was posted with his regiment in this famed palace when it was sacked and burned. He secured many exquisite objects, now in this collection, and, having ample means, purchased others from the soldiery. The result has been the formation of a collection of an enormous money value, and the highest excellence.

It is, however, necessary to think over the material of many of these works, and the difficulty of their manufacture, before they can be entirely appreciated. Differing in taste so much from ourselves, the jade ornaments are cut into figures and fashions which give little pleasure to European eyes. The material is so extremely hard, that no important work, with the utmost diligence, can be finished in less than twenty years. The finest work of this kind known is the jewel-stand used by the Empress of China, now the principal feature of this collection: it much surpasses that in the Mineralogical Museum at Paris, valued at 72,000 francs.

The jewellery is not restricted to Chinese works, but comprises some of the finest European productions presented at various times to the emperors of China. They are rivalled by the jewel-case of the Chinese empress, a work of the most beautiful design, encrusted with precious stones; and by the hand-glass used at her toilet.

The collection of porcelain, though small, is characterised by the same qualifications. All the works exhibited are *chef d'œuvre*. Here we see the imperial yellow porcelain, the rare old grey cracklin, the secret of making which has been lost for many centuries; and the still rarer cracklin of dark, ruby colour, the enamel said to be composed of pulverised gems. The vase of this rare ware here exhibited is thought to have been manufactured some two hundred years before Christ. There is little doubt that we look upon works of profound antiquity in this collection, which have been highly treasured and religiously preserved as royal heirlooms for many ages.

Lovers of precious stones will be abundantly gratified by the sight of the largest sapphire in the world: it weighs 742 carats, and is "estimated" to be worth £160,000.

The imperial dresses tell their own tale in the rich character of their *fabrique*, and the elaborate style of their needlework; but their real value in some instances might escape detection. Thus, the mantle composed entirely of strips of fur, taken only from the throats of white foxes, is valued at £2,000, and it is calculated that about four hundred of these animals must have been killed to obtain fur enough to make this mantle.

It will thus be seen that this very *recherché* gathering of much that is rich and rare represents the highest flight of the Art-industry of this ancient nation, and is a more extraordinary exposition of its claims than Europeans could have hoped to see irrespective of the chances of war, which enables each "barbarian" to see for a shilling what the most highly privileged Chinese could scarcely hope to gaze upon.

PICTURE SALES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS sold, on the 13th and 14th of March, at their rooms in King Street, the collection of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings formed by Mr. Thomas Blackburn, of Liverpool, about one hundred and seventy in number. The more important examples of the former were—"The Gaoler's Daughter," P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Hartingstall); "Morning on the Welsh Hills," with cattle and figures, H. B. Willis, 155 gs. (Hartingstall); "A Mountain Stream," T. Creswick, R.A., 120 gs. (Wallis); "A Fakir at the Entrance to a Mosque, a scene in Cairo," J. F. Lewis, R.A., 175 gs. (Hartingstall); "Classic Landscape, with Figures," B. Wilson, R.A., 115 gs. (Hartingstall); "Ferdinand and Miranda," P. F. Poole, R.A., 131 gs. (Moon). The water-colour drawings were by far the most attractive portion of Mr. Blackburn's collection, as is shown by the prices paid for the following:—"The Cottage Door," and "Shelling Peas," a pair of very small drawings by Birket Foster, 132 gs. (Smith); "Damascus," C. Stanfield, R.A., 120 gs. (Crofts); "Cottage at Hambleton, Surrey," Birket Foster, 115 gs. (Rolle); "Gateway, Prague," S. Prout, 100 gs. (Fitzpatrick); "Moorland Scene, North Wales," J. W. Whittaker, 128 gs. (Agnew); "Spanish Peasants," F. W. Topham, 101 gs. (E. F. White); "Pine-Apple and Plums," J. Sherrin, 81 gs. (D. White); "Landscape," E. Warren, 92 gs. (Moon); "An English Homestead," and "Return from Labour," a pair by D. Cox, sen., 126 gs. (E. Smith); "English Landscape," Copley Fielding, a very fine example of the master, 268 gs. (E. White); "Black Grapes and Spanish Chestnuts," W. Hunt, 95 gs. (R. P. Smith); "The Stepping-Stones," J. H. Mole, 115 gs. (Fores); "Home," J. H. Mole, 148 gs. (Fores); "Lake Como," T. M. Richardson, 90 gs. (R. P. Smith); "Snowdon," E. Duncan, 102 gs. (Cox); "The Well in the Desert," F. Goodall, R.A., 115 gs. (Fitzpatrick); "Landscape," with sheep, and children carrying water, B. Foster, 135 gs. (Flatow); "Canterbury Meadows," T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 128 gs. (Lloyd); "The Tempest," E. Duncan, 160 gs. (E. Smith); "A Marriage in the Cathedral of Bruges," L. Hage, 81 gs. (Hartingstall); "Hayfield near Batley," B. Foster, 145 gs. (Moore); "Heidelberg," D. Roberts, R.A., 77 gs. (E. Smith); "The Dunmow Flitch," J. Gilbert, 105 gs. (E. Smith); "View on the Rhine," S. Prout, 78 gs. (Fitzpatrick); "The Doge Andrew Dandolo leaving the Church of St. Mark," a magnificent drawing by Louis Hage, and one of the most important of his works, exhibited in 1863, 455 gs. (Hartingstall); "Farmyard in Brittany," F. Goodall, R.A., 96 gs. (E. Smith); "The Gleaners," and "The Young Nurse," a pair by B. Foster, 145 gs. (Moore); "Christmas in the Olden Time," one of the series, by J. Gilbert, illustrative of the ballad of "The Old English Gentleman," and exhibited last year at Mr. Agnew's gallery in Waterloo Place, 280 gs. (Hartingstall); "Benvenuto Cellini and Charles I. at Fontainebleau," another of Mr. Hage's most distinguished drawings, 320 gs. (Hartingstall); "Early Morning," H. B. Willis, exhibited in 1863, 145 gs. (E. White); "Plums, Apples, and Sprig of Sloes," W. Hunt, 136 gs. (E. White); "Landscape and Cattle," with a girl driving cattle to water, B. Foster, 84 gs. (Moore); "The Grange, Borrowdale," C. Fielding, 120 gs. (Moore). The proceeds of the whole sale amounted to £8,763 15s.

A considerable number of the pictures belonging to the projector of an exhibition held during the late winter months at 53, Pall Mall, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 18th of March. Among those enumerated in the catalogue were—"The Cottage Door," and "The Pet Kitten," a pair by E. C. Barnes, 152 gs. (Bourne); "Life in Acadie," F. Wybord, 168 gs. (Poole); "The Meet," and "Breaking Cover," a pair by J. F. Herring, 175 gs. (Barlow); "The Spanish Beauty," H. Schlessinger, 95 gs. (Barlow); "The Village Schoolroom," "A Nest of Little Ones," and "The Young Boatbuilder," W. Bromley, 135 gs. (Taylor); "She Stoops to Conquer," E. C. Girardot, 98 gs. (Barlow); "The Marketplace, Antwerp," Van Schendel, 120 gs. (Parsons); "Evening Prayers," and "Sunday Morning,"

conceal his vexation at the annoyances to which he had been subjected.*

I would not, however, seem to cast a slur upon the memory of the lesser, while lauding the greater, *Montgomery*; the suffrages of thousands have given to him a niche in the temple of Fame, and if rated above his value as a poet, he was at all events a kindly man, a zealous *clergyman*, and a fervent *Christian*—to whose rare powers as a preacher some of our best charities are indebted for much of their means to lessen and relieve human suffering!

I think the exact particulars of his parentage have never been given: it is, however, believed his father's name was *Montgomery*,† but that he had dropped the aristocratic quarter of it, calling himself *Gomery*, and that Robert in resuming it did no more than he was entitled to do.

It was in 1825 or 1826 that Robert *Montgomery* brought me an introduction; I cannot now say from whom. There came to spend an evening with me a somewhat handsome and rather "foppish" young man, tall, and slight, and gentlemanly, though assuming and exacting in manners. His object was to read to me a poem he had written, which he called "The Age Reviewed." It was full of sparkling "cleverness," but was a satire on the leading reviewers, poets, and authors of the day. The half-fledged sparrow was about to peck at their plumes. Names the most honoured and reverenced in letters, some of whom were even then almost of the future, were treated with contumely and scorn; heroes in a hundred fights were to go down "before the grey goose-quill" of the boy *Goliath*! His great prototype, *Byron*, was bitterly lamenting a wicked folly of the kind, but the intellectual giant had strength for the encounter, which this thoughtless youth had not. I listened as he read, and when he had finished I gave him serious and earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected. Robert *Montgomery* published "The Age Reviewed,"‡ and lamented the wanton act of aggression all the days of his life. Many years passed before I again saw him; he had then been ordained, and was a favourite preacher—especially fond of preaching charity sermons. We were brought together in consequence of our mutual interest in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption at Brompton—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously.

He was certainly the vainest man I have ever known. To him notoriety was fame; a "few" was never a "fit" audience: he would have far preferred a bellow of applause from a crowded gallery to a half-suppressed murmur of admiration from "the first row in the pit."

The portrait I draw of him, however, cannot, and ought not to be, all shade. Beyond his vanity there was no harm in him; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. He was eloquent and impressive in the pulpit; and discharged zealously and faithfully his manifold duties as a clergyman. The Consumption Hospital is by no means the only charity for which he heartily

worked.* In all the minor relations of life—as husband, father, and friend—he was exemplary.

Of his merits as a poet I do not take upon myself to speak. A writer who lived to see thirty-six editions of one poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and many editions of several other poems, could not be without great merit, though it may be of "a certain kind"; moreover, he was not prostrated, although for a time hurled to the ground by the memorable and terrific assault of *Macaulay*; and though he died comparatively young,† he had a position and achieved a triumph for which thousands laboured in vain.

It was, as I have said, in 1830 when he visited London to deliver, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures on poetry, that we became personally acquainted with James *Montgomery*. As a lecturer he cannot be described as successful; his matter was of course good, but his manner, as may be supposed, lacked the power, the earnestness, the *conviction*, in a word, that rarely fail to impress an audience, and which often stand serviceably in the stead of aids more important. Previously I had barely seen *Montgomery*, yet I had been in frequent correspondence with him, for he had written year after year for the *Amulet*, which contained some of his best compositions both in prose and verse. I was, however, prepared to see a gentleman of calm, sedate, and impressive exterior.

There was no timidity of manner before a London audience, but there was a want of depth and originality in his matter, beautiful and graceful as were his sentiments; while an utter absence of that positive and declamatory tone which so often stands for the power it simulates, lessened the appreciation of what he said. These lectures, received not unfavourably at the Royal Institution as the opinions of a poet concerning the brethren and mysteries of the craft, were delivered in several towns, and afterwards published in a volume, the reception of which would by no means be a fair or favourable criterion of the public appreciation of his merits as a poet.

In 1835 James *Montgomery* received one of the crown pensions—a grant of £150 a-year—the donor being Sir Robert Peel. It was one of the latest acts of the great statesman's government, for the day after the grant was made he ceased to be minister—for a time.

Montgomery was never married. His love verses have been variously interpreted. In a letter written when he was aged, he somewhat mysteriously alludes to his celibacy—"The secret is within myself, and it is on the way to the grave, from which no secret will be betrayed till the day of judgment."

The last time I saw *Montgomery* was during his one visit to the Exhibition in 1851; the venerable man was moving slowly about from stall to stall, examining, apparently with a dull and listless look, the beauties of manufactured Art by which he was surrounded. His form was shrunk, he stooped somewhat, his once bright eye seemed glazed; he was, indeed, but the shadow of his former self; yet I was told he had brightened up into his old nature when, just before, he had been looking over the books in one hundred and sixty-five languages of parts of the Holy Scripture

* Robert had the cure of a church in Glasgow when James visited that city, but did not call upon his venerable namesake; yet the poet went to hear him preach. On his return to Sheffield, James, being questioned on the subject, merely said, "I cannot be one of his eulogists, and I will not say anything to his dispraise."

† It is said, but I know not with what truth, that the father of Robert, usually called *Gomery*, had been a theatrical clown.

‡ "The Age Reviewed," Robert *Montgomery*. Professor Wilson, in the "Notes," speaks of the book thus:—"I gave the thing a glance—wretched stuff."

that England had printed as a benefaction to varied mankind. I had to recall myself to his memory, but when I did so I obtained a cordial greeting, that even to-day I remember, and record with gratitude and pleasure. As I left him I could not help repeating his lines—

"There is a calm for those who weep,

"A rest for weary pilgrims found."

I have said the personal appearance of *Montgomery* was not striking. The eye was the redeeming feature in an otherwise plain face. It was (or seemed to be) a clear, bright blue, outlooking and uplooking.*

In 1805, the sculptor, Chantrey, "a young artist whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents," painted a portrait of *Montgomery*. He was often painted. In 1827, by Jackson, R.A., whose portrait is perhaps the best. That by Illidge is good. Mr. Barber painted a full-length for the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution, where it now is, and where I have gladly seen it. But *Montgomery* said, that of all his portraits, there was not one he should like to see engraved. A faithful profile likeness of the "Christian Poet" appears on the bronze medal which is annually presented by the Sheffield School of Art to the most successful drawing by any pupil of English wild flowers; it was from a portrait carefully modelled from the life at four score. He considered, however, that his face was "rather improved than deteriorated by age." In one of his letters he speaks of himself as "the ugliest man in Sheffield." He was nothing of the kind.

Mrs. Hemans, who received a visit from *Montgomery* in 1828, speaks of his "mass of tangled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair," and another writer says, that "when young, he had an abundant crop of carrotty locks."

In 1825, when the poet may be said to have been at the best period of his life, and certainly in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by a Mr. Carter, editor of a newspaper in New York; and as Mr. Holland has reprinted the article that hence arose, we are to assume that he endorses it.

Of *Montgomery* he says, "in his manners the author manifests that mildness, simplicity, and kindness of heart so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation; his language polished, but without an approach to pedantry. . . . In person he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size; his complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast."

Mrs. Hofland wrote for the *New Monthly* during my editorship, in 1835, an article, entitled "Sheffield and its Poets," in the course of which she thus describes *Montgomery*:

"He is the youngest man of his years I ever beheld; and at sixty years old might pass for thirty—such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation." She adds, "the lighting up of his eye when he is warmed by his subject is absolutely electrical."

In 1841, when he visited Scotland, he is thus described—in his sixty-fifth year: "His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay; his locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-

* One of the artists who painted his portrait, said that his eyes were "in reality a bright hazel, within a narrow circle of clear blue, and so lustrous, that in some lights the latter seemed the prevailing tint."

arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the 'clear, bald polish of the honoured head.'

Searle, in his life of Elliott, describes Montgomery as "polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, while his bland conversation rarely rose above a calm level." And Southey, in "The Doctor," thus refers to him, sending to the Christian poet the greeting of "one who admires thee as a poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good will." The two poets never met; the want of opportunity being often regretted by both.

Montgomery had many acquaintances, and a few devoted friends. Foremost among them was John Holland, whom he more than once calls a "good man and true." He was the poet's loved and loving friend from a very early period, and to him (in conjunction with Mr. Everett) was assigned the duty of compiling the life of the poet. The task was discharged with sound judgment and nice discrimination, although with deep affection and abundant zeal.

In 1854 the time of James Montgomery had come; warnings that the hour of his removal was near at hand had been mercifully sent to him some time previously; "the labour of composition made him ill," yet his faculties were all sound, and though feeble, he was not bedridden. The last tracings of his pen were in the writing of a hymn, printed in Mercer's collection; this was the appropriate close of a species of composition in which he delighted and excelled; and a sweet memorial of his piety and skill in this way, is the volume of Hymns published not long before his death, specimens of which occur in every hymn-book published during the last fifty years. On the last evening of life he was out, and returned home "apparently as usual," but surprised his aged companion, Miss Gales, by handing her the Bible, and saying, "Sarah, you must read." She did so, he knelt down and prayed, retired to his room, and in the morning it was found that his spirit had gone home; the tabernacle of his body was without inhabitant; the soul was with the Master whose faithful servant he had been, and whose work he had so long and so well done. He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 30th April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Those who knew him loved him, and by all he was respected and esteemed. By the tenor of his life, as well as ever by his writings, he advanced the cause of religion; in example, as well as in precept, he was a true Christian gentleman.

A fitting monument was proposed for him at Sheffield, and John Bell made a worthy design; the estimated cost, however, was beyond the reach even of zealous friends, and after some time fruitlessly spent, the same artist made a new design, comprising a life-size statue of the poet in bronze, upon a granite pedestal, containing a prolix inscription. This monument, placed over Montgomery's grave in the Sheffield Cemetery, was inaugurated by a public demonstration—rarely equalled for the number and respectability of those who took part in it, except at the funeral of the great and good man whose name and virtues are so deservedly commemorated.

* Mr. Holland, the author of numerous works in prose and verse, was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Mercury*. He still lives in a green and vigorous old age, and is at present the honoured manager of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophic Institution.

† This lady was the youngest and last survivor of three sisters of Mr. Gales, into whose office, as proprietor and publisher of the *Sheffield Register* newspaper, Montgomery was introduced on his first arrival in Sheffield.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHEN the summer palace of the Emperor of China at Pekin was destroyed by the combined armies of England and France, it was felt that a useful lesson had been read to a government that had met "barbarian" conciliation and trustfulness, by "civilised" treachery and murder; but it was also felt that a royal museum had been destroyed in the confiscation of this favourite residence, leaving a void that could never be similarly refilled.

All that Oriental luxury and wealth could do to make a terrestrial Paradise appears to have been done for this favoured retreat. It was a veritable palace of Aladdin. Its walls were panelled with ivory, and covered with silks of fabulous price; crystal chandeliers hung from its ceilings; its furniture was of the costliest kind, rendered still more precious by the most skilled labour of the artisan; its "bijouterie" and general "garniture" comprised the most ancient, rare, and valuable, as well as the most costly works of their class. The Art-history of China for a thousand years was enshrined in these walls.

The owner of the present collection—Captain de Negroni—was posted with his regiment in this famed palace when it was sacked and burned. He secured many exquisite objects, now in this collection, and, having ample means, purchased others from the soldiery. The result has been the formation of a collection of an enormous money value, and the highest excellence.

It is, however, necessary to think over the material of many of these works, and the difficulty of their manufacture, before they can be entirely appreciated. Differing in taste so much from ourselves, the jade ornaments are cut into figures and fashions which give little pleasure to European eyes. The material is so extremely hard, that no important work, with the utmost diligence, can be finished in less than twenty years. The finest work of this kind known is the jewel-stand used by the Empress of China, now the principal feature of this collection: it much surpasses that in the Mineralogical Museum at Paris, valued at 72,000 francs.

The jewellery is not restricted to Chinese works, but comprises some of the finest European productions presented at various times to the emperors of China. They are rivalled by the jewel-case of the Chinese empress, a work of the most beautiful design, encrusted with precious stones; and by the hand-glass used at her toilet.

The collection of porcelain, though small, is characterised by the same qualifications. All the works exhibited are *chef d'œuvre*. Here we see the imperial yellow porcelain, the rare old grey cracklin, the secret of making which has been lost for many centuries; and the still rarer cracklin of dark, ruby colour, the enamel said to be composed of pulverised gems. The vase of this rare ware here exhibited is thought to have been manufactured some two hundred years before Christ. There is little doubt that we look upon works of profound antiquity in this collection, which have been highly treasured and religiously preserved as royal heirlooms for many ages.

Lovers of precious stones will be abundantly gratified by the sight of the largest sapphire in the world: it weighs 742 carats, and is "estimated" to be worth £160,000.

The imperial dresses tell their own tale in the rich character of their *fabrique*, and the elaborate style of their needlework; but their real value in some instances might escape detection. Thus, the mantle composed entirely of strips of fur, taken only from the throats of white foxes, is valued at £2,000, and it is calculated that about four hundred of these animals must have been killed to obtain fur enough to make this mantle.

It will thus be seen that this very *recherché* gathering of much that is rich and rare represents the highest flight of the Art-industry of this ancient nation, and is a more extraordinary exposition of its claims than Europeans could have hoped to see irrespective of the chances of war, which enables each "barbarian" to see for a shilling what the most highly privileged Chinese could scarcely hope to gaze upon.

PICTURE SALES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS sold, on the 13th and 14th of March, at their rooms in King Street, the collection of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings formed by Mr. Thomas Blackburn, of Liverpool, about one hundred and seventy in number. The more important examples of the former were—"The Gaoler's Daughter," P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Hartingstall); "Morning on the Welsh Hills," with cattle and figures, H. B. Willis, 155 gs. (Hartingstall); "A Mountain Stream," T. Creswick, R.A., 120 gs. (Willis); "A Fakir at the Entrance to a Mosque," a scene in Cairo, J. F. Lewis, R.A., 175 gs. (Hartingstall); "Classic Landscape, with Figures," B. Wilson, R.A., 115 gs. (Hartingstall); "Ferdinand and Miranda," P. F. Poole, R.A., 131 gs. (Moon). The water-colour drawings were by far the most attractive portion of Mr. Blackburn's collection, as is shown by the prices paid for the following:—"The Cottage Door," and "Shelling Peas," a pair of very small drawings by Birket Foster, 132 gs. (Smith); "Damascus," C. Stanfield, R.A., 120 gs. (Crofts); "Cottage at Hambleton, Surrey," Birket Foster, 115 gs. (Rolle); "Gateway, Prague," S. Prout, 100 gs. (Fitzpatrick); "Moorland Scene, North Wales," J. W. Whittaker, 128 gs. (Agnew); "Spanish Peasants," F. W. Topham, 101 gs. (E. F. White); "Pine-Apple and Plums," J. Sherrin, 81 gs. (D. White); "Landscape," E. Warren, 92 gs. (Moon); "An English Homestead," and "Return from Labour," a pair by D. Cox, sen., 126 gs. (E. Smith); "English Landscape," Copley Fielding, a very fine example of the master, 258 gs. (E. White); "Black Grapes and Spanish Chestnuts," W. Hunt, 95 gs. (R. P. Smith); "The Stepping-Stones," J. H. Mole, 115 gs. (Fores); "Home," J. H. Mole, 148 gs. (Fores); "Lake Como," T. M. Richardson, 90 gs. (R. P. Smith); "Snowdon," E. Duncan, 102 gs. (Cox); "The Well in the Desert," F. Goodall, R.A., 115 gs. (Fitzpatrick); "Landscape," with sheep, and children carrying water, B. Foster, 135 gs. (Fallow); "Canterbury Meadows," T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 128 gs. (Lloyd); "The Tempest," E. Duncan, 160 gs. (E. Smith); "A Marriage in the Cathedral of Bruges," L. Hage, 81 gs. (Hartingstall); "Hayfield near Batley," B. Foster, 145 gs. (Moore); "Heidelberg," D. Roberts, R.A., 77 gs. (E. Smith); "The Dunmow Flitch," J. Gilbert, 105 gs. (E. Smith); "View on the Rhine," S. Prout, 78 gs. (Fitzpatrick); "The Doge Andrew Dandolo leaving the Church of St. Mark," a magnificent drawing by Louis Hage, and one of the most important of his works, exhibited in 1863, 455 gs. (Hartingstall); "Farmyard in Brittany," F. Goodall, R.A., 96 gs. (E. Smith); "The Gleaners," and "The Young Nurse," a pair by B. Foster, 145 gs. (Moore); "Christmas in the Olden Time," one of the series, by J. Gilbert, illustrative of the ballad of "The Old English Gentleman," and exhibited last year at Mr. Agnew's gallery in Waterloo Place, 280 gs. (Hartingstall); "Benvenuto Cellini and Charles I. at Fontainebleau," another of Mr. Hage's most distinguished drawings, 320 gs. (Hartingstall); "Early Morning," H. B. Willis, exhibited in 1863, 145 gs. (E. White); "Plums, Apples, and Sprig of Sloes," W. Hunt, 136 gs. (E. White); "Landscape and Cattle," with a girl driving cattle to water, B. Foster, 84 gs. (Moore); "The Grange, Borrowdale," C. Fielding, 120 gs. (Moore). The proceeds of the whole sale amounted to £8,763 16s.

A considerable number of the pictures belonging to the projector of an exhibition held during the late winter months at 53, Pall Mall, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 18th of March. Among those enumerated in the catalogue were—"The Cottage Door," and "The Pet Kitten," a pair by E. C. Barnes, 152 gs. (Bourne); "Life in Acadie," F. Wybord, 168 gs. (Poole); "The Meet," and "Breaking Cover," a pair by J. F. Herring, 175 gs. (Barlow); "The Spanish Beauty," H. Schlesinger, 95 gs. (Barlow); "The Village Schoolroom," "A Nest of Little Ones," and "The Young Boatbuilder," W. Bromley, 135 gs. (Taylor); "She Stoops to Conquer," E. C. Girardot, 98 gs. (Barlow); "The Marketplace, Antwerp," Van Schendel, 120 gs. (Parsons); "Evening Prayers," and "Sunday Morning,"

both by T. Brooks, 110 gs. (Parsons); 'Moel Gwyn, in the Vale of Festiniog,' T. Creswick, R.A., 160 gs. (Harper); 'The Tower, ay, the Tower!' Mrs. E. M. Ward, the picture engraved in the *Art-Journal* last year with the notice of this lady's works, 200 gs. (Barlow); 'The Old Bridge and Castle of Diets on the Lahn,' and 'The Castle of Chillon,' a pair by G. C. Stanfield, 150 gs. (D. B. McEwen); 'A Lady at the Opera,' T. Brooks, 92 gs. (Bourne); 'Fun,' A. Burr, 245 gs. (Bailey); 'Caught!' E. Nicoll, R.S.A., 360 gs. (Bailey); 'Happy Moments of Childhood,' E. J. Cobett, 115 gs. (Barlow); 'The Water Lilies,' F. Goodall, R.A., a kind of small *replies of Mr. Goodall's Happy Days of Charles I.*, 150 gs. (Barlow); 'Landscape and Cattle,' Auguste Bonheur, 140 gs. (Barlow); 'Fruit,' G. Lance, 115 gs. (Marshall); 'The Rose of England,' H. Schlessinger, 95 gs. (Barlow); 'The Token of Flight to Robert the Bruce,' W. J. Grant, 170 gs. (Gilbert); 'The Execution of Montrose,' the finished study for the large picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., in the possession of Mr. James Bagnall, 375 gs. (Parsons); 'Landscape and Sheep,' E. Verboeckhoven, 190 gs. (Miller); 'The Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century,' J. Hayllar, 240 gs. (Marshall); 'Landscape, Cattle, and Sheep,' T. Creswick, R.A., 235 gs. (Moore); 'The Love Story,' A. Johnston, 110 gs. (Barlow); 'Make up your Mind!' R. Redgrave, R.A., 95 gs. (Bourne); 'The Croquet Party,' G. E. Hicks, 240 gs. (Parsons); 'The Spring Blossom,' C. Baxter, 140 gs. (Moore); 'San Pietro in Castello, Venice,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 115 gs. (Shaw); 'Cornfield,' with figures, W. Linnell, 140 gs. (Parsons); 'Entrance to a Cathedral,' with figures, Sir A. W. Callicott, R.A., 150 gs. (Barlow); 'The Ballad-Singer,' D. MacIane, R.A., 280 gs. (Mr. D. MacIane); 'A Girl with Ferns,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 335 gs. (Marshall); 'A Lady,' holding a fan, C. Baxter, 165 gs. (Gibson); 'Something it is which thou hast lost,' &c., a subject from Tennyson, P. H. Calderon, R.A., 320 gs. (Marshall). The amount realised by the sale—177 pictures were included in it—somewhat exceeded £10,000.

On the 24th of March, Messrs. Christie and Co. sold about one hundred water-colour drawings, mostly of a very fine character, the property of Sir Hugh H. Campbell and other collectors. It will be seen from the prices appended to the following examples, that works of this kind are in great demand,—in fact, they seem to be just now more in request than oil-pictures, and to realise, comparatively, larger sums:—'A Scene from *Macbeth*, G. Cattermole, 185 gs. (Wallis); 'The Forum at Rome,' S. Prout, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'The Temple of Peace, Rome,' S. Prout, 135 gs. (Vokins); 'Exeter, from the River,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., engraved in the *England and Wales* series, 490 gs. (W. Cox); 'Gypsies,' and 'Sunset,' D. Cox, 95 gs. (Greenwood); 'A Cloudy Day,' D. Cox, 315 gs. (Clark); 'Fisher-boys,' D. Cox, 120 gs. (F. Smith); 'Pond and Rushes,' D. Cox, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape, with Timber Waggon,' D. Cox, 206 gs. (W. Cox); 'Missing the Flocks,' D. Cox, 190 gs. (Mills); 'Collecting the Flocks,' D. Cox, 265 gs. (Mills); 'Bolton Abbey,' D. Cox, 380 gs. (F. Smith); 'Borrowdale, Cumberland,' T. M. Richardson, 198 gs. (Wigram); 'A Soup-Kitchen in the Olden Time,' L. Hage, 80 gs. (Astley); 'The Leaning Tower of Bologna,' and 'The Temple of Peace, Rome,' S. Prout, the latter drawing a different view of the temple from one previously mentioned, 125 gs. (Wallis); 'Landscape, with Cattle,' and 'Coast Scene, with Fishing-Boats,' Copley Fielding, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Coast-Scene, unloading Fishing-Boats,' 'Landscape, with Sheep,' both by D. Cox, 115 gs. (Shalders); 'Glen Lochy, Loch Tay,' Copley Fielding, 240 gs. (Agnew); 'View in Hampshire,' Birket Foster, 84 gs. (E. White); 'The Bay of Naples,' Copley Fielding, 71 gs. (Grundy); 'Metz,' S. Prout, 107 gs. (Crofts). The amount realised by this day's sale somewhat exceeded £5,500.

It was continued on the following day, when Messrs. Christie's great room was crowded to excess by collectors and amateurs, chiefly from the fact that a considerable number of oil-pictures and water-colour drawings by Turner, which had never previously been exhibited in public, were to be disposed of. Before these

were submitted for competition, several other pictures were offered, among which were—'The Journey to Emmaus,' the figures by J. Sant, A.R.A., the landscape—a view of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, &c.—by D. Roberts, R.A., 420 gs. (Simpson); 'Jezebel and Ahab,' F. Leighton, A.R.A., 180 gs. (Pocock); 'A Hayfield,' D. Cox, 112 gs. (Flatow); 'Wind, Rain, and Sunshine,' D. Cox, 251 gs. (Flatow); 'Big Meadow, Bettws-y-Coed,' D. Cox, 105 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Greek Slave,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 197 gs. (Ames); 'Lady with a Locket,' C. Baxter, 140 gs. (Marshall); 'The Origin of the Combing Machine,' A. Elmore, R.A., the finished sketch for the larger picture, 145 gs. (Colnagh); 'The Bashful Swain,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 550 gs. (N. Gibbs). The paintings by Turner were—'Italian Landscape,' with bridges and figures in the foreground, engraved in the *Liber Studiorum*, 450 gs.; the companion picture, 'Italian Landscape,' with a woman playing on a tambourine, also engraved in the same work, 480 gs.; 'The Beacon on the Rock,' 315 gs.; 'View of Margate Pier,' 210 gs.; these four were purchased by Messrs. Agnew; 'Morning after the Wreck,' 150 gs. (Sharpe); 'Kingsgate Bay, near Margate,' emigrants landing, 160 gs. (E. F. White); 'The Wreckers,' and 'Squally Weather,' a pair of studies, 120 gs. (Vokins); 'Sunset,' a study for the celebrated picture of 'The Old Temeraire,' 125 gs. (Agnew); 'View of Margate,' hazy morning, 130 gs. (Bricknell); 'View of Margate,' evening, 155 gs. (Agnew). The water-colour drawings by the same painter were—'A Town in the Tyrol,' on the bank of a river, boats and figures, 460 gs. (Agnew); 'River-Scene in the Tyrol,' with a castle on a height, figures in the foreground, the moon rising, 420 gs. (Vokins); 'Lake Scene,' 150 gs. (Vokins); 'Going to Market,' scene in the Tyrol, 158 gs. (Agnew); 'The Pass of St. Bernard,' 84 gs. (Vokins); 'Town on a River in Savoy,' 275 gs. (Agnew); another subject of a similar kind, 290 gs. (Agnew); 'Sunrise,' and 'Sunset,' sketches, 100 gs. the former bought by Messrs. Vokins, the latter by Messrs. Agnew. The Turner works closed with his famous oil-picture 'Palestrina,' which, at the sale of the Bicknell collection in 1863, was bought by Mr. H. Bicknell, son of its late owner, for 1,900 guineas: it was now knocked down to Mr. J. J. Miller for 2,100 guineas.

The collection of oil-pictures formed by the late Mr. John Davis, of Cranford Park, Ilford, concluded the day's proceedings at the rooms of Messrs. Christie. The principal specimens were—'The Sphinx,' W. Müller, one of this artist's grandest Eastern works, 625 gs. (Agnew); 'Boar Hunter returning,' at the gate of a monastery, J. R. Herbert, R.A., 220 gs. (Marshall); 'Landscape,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with figures at a well, by F. Goodall, R.A., 100 gs. (Agnew); these three paintings were formerly in the gallery of Mr. Meigh; 'Landscape,' upright, with cattle on a road, T. Creswick, R.A., 168 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Maas, near Dordt,' market people waiting for the evening tide, C. Stanfield, R.A., 2,110 gs. (Ward): this picture was painted for the late Sir Robert Peel, who died before it was quite completed, when it was purchased by its late owner; 'Over the Sands,' T. Creswick, R.A., painted for Mr. Davis, 545 gs. (Agnew); 'The Surprise of the Caravan,' D. Roberts, R.A., the white horse by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., painted for Mr. Davis, 800 (Wallis); 'Landscape,' with sheep and goats, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 290 gs. (Agnew); 'Dutch Fishing Boats,' purchased direct from the artist in 1852, 290 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna,' D. Roberts, R.A., painted for Mr. Davis, 1,820 gs. (Ward); 'Milton dictating *Samson Agonistes*,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 350 gs. (Williamson). Several of these pictures were exhibited at Manchester in 1857, and at the International Exhibition in 1862. The day's sale realised the large sum of £18,475!

Truly British Art is maintaining its high pecuniary value, but the principle on which purchases are frequently made is one we are utterly at a loss to comprehend, unless it be that of buying what will most readily and profitably sell again.

We have notices of subsequent sales in type, but are compelled to postpone them till next month.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The various designs for the Scottia memorial of the Prince Consort having been submitted to the Queen, her Majesty is stated to have expressed an opinion in favour of the equestrian statue, with its accompaniments, designed by John Steell, R.S.A., who bears the honorary title of the "Queen's Sculptor for Scotland." The general form of this design is pyramidal, composed of several stages. On the sides of the upper pedestal are bas-reliefs, illustrative of the career and character of the Prince—on the one side is a representation of his marriage, and on the other his opening of the International Exhibition, 1851. On the front panel H.R.H. the Prince is represented in the midst of his family; and, on the back, awarding rewards of merit. On the second stage long quotations from the Prince's public speeches enrich the surface; and, on each centre, a mass of classic emblems, indicative of his tastes and pursuits. At each of the angles of the first stage, or base, groups represent the people of all classes, from the peer to the peasant, approaching the effigy of the Prince, looking up to it with reverence and affection, and leaving at its base chaplets and wreaths, in token of their gratitude and love. One group is representative of the votive offerings of rank and wealth. Another group illustrates honest labour. The site proposed for the memorial is on the level ground of the Queen's Park.—The members of the Royal Scottish Academy have again thrown open their gallery in the evening, at a reduced charge, for the benefit of the artisan classes, who eagerly throng the rooms, to their own pleasure and instruction, and, it is also said, without the slightest injury to the works exhibited.—On the 24th of March, the statues of Professor John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood* in olden time, and of Allan Ramsay, the poet, were unveiled, with much ceremony, in the presence of the municipal authorities and a large assembly of spectators. The statues, both of which are by J. Steell, R.S.A., are placed one at each end of the Royal Institution.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. A. Brodie, to whom was entrusted the task of executing the statue of her Majesty, subscribed for by the working men of this city, is proceeding rapidly with his work. The statue is of colossal size, in marble, and represents the Queen standing, and habited in ancient Roman costume, one hand grasping a sceptre, and the other holding lightly the folds of her flowing robe. A suitable central site in Aberdeen has been obtained for it.

AYR.—Mr. Matthew Noble is engaged upon a statue of the late Lord Eglinton for this town.

DUNDEE.—The committee of the School of Art in this town, in common with the managers of most other similar institutions throughout the country, has entered its protest against the action of the Department of Science and Art, which, it is alleged, must result in the closing the doors of the school.

BELFAST.—The memorial of the Prince Consort in this town takes the form of a clock-tower, for which the authorities have granted a site in Queen's Square.

DUBLIN.—The thirty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Academy opened last month: it is said the collection is not so large as that of last year, and that "native" art, especially, is more limited in number of examples than usual. We hope next month to visit Ireland, and shall then be in a position to judge and report for ourselves, and shall, doubtless, find much to prove that Irish Art is maintaining the credit of the country.

ALTON TOWERS.—The noble mansion of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot will, it is probable, be open in the autumn for a grand exhibition of Art works in aid of the Wedgwood Institute. Contributions are promised from the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Beresford-Hope, the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many other well-known collectors. The project has the support of a very large number of persons of distinction, both in the county and elsewhere.

ANDOVER.—The annual meeting of the Andover School of Art has been held, when it was stated that the Government Inspector awarded, at the last examination, eighty-seven certificates of merit to the pupils in this and the Abbot's Ann school, which is united with it.

BIRMINGHAM.—A public meeting has been held for the purpose of promoting the erection in this town of a memorial of James Watt. No decision was come to as to what form the memorial should take, that being left for future consideration; but £500, or about that sum, was subscribed in the room before the meeting separated.

HANLEY.—The friends and supporters of the School of Art in this important manufacturing town held their annual meeting on the 6th of March, the mayor presiding. The report, read by the head master, Mr. Powell, alluded to the satisfactory result of the teaching, notwithstanding the want of sympathetic action evinced by the Department of Science and Art. A letter from Mr. Beresford-Hope, who was prevented by indisposition from attending the meeting, was read, in which he denounced in the strongest language the action of the Department, especially with reference to the recent "minutes;" and resolutions were passed of a similar import, and also of regret that the treasurer's statement of the financial condition of the school was so unfavourable.

LEEDS.—A large and influential meeting of gentlemen connected with the various schools of Art in Yorkshire, was held in this town in the month of March. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the application of the new minutes of the Department of Science to the schools in the county. As we have referred to this matter elsewhere, it is only necessary to say here, that the speakers were unanimous in their condemnation of the minutes, and that a deputation was appointed to wait upon Earl Granville to express their views, and if unsuccessful in obtaining redress, that measures would then be taken to bring the matter prominently before Parliament.

MANCHESTER.—A committee of the Manchester School of Art has also recently passed resolutions upon the same subject, and upon other matters affecting these schools resulting from the conduct of the authorities at South Kensington. The committee is of opinion that unless a different course is pursued to that which now obtains, a large number of the provincial schools will inevitably languish, and ultimately cease to exist.

OXFORD.—A meeting was held in this city, at the end of March, the Dean of Christ Church presiding, for the purpose of establishing a School of Art in connection with the Department of Science and Art. The chairman remarked in his address, that some years ago an attempt was made to induce the University to found a Professorship of Art, but it failed for lack of sympathy. A School of Art was also set on foot by some of the citizens, but this, too, fell to the ground. He hoped soon to see one which should include in it every rank of society, and thus producers and patrons would reap an advantage. We have repeatedly urged it as a short-sighted view of their educational responsibilities, that the heads of houses, both in Oxford and Cambridge, have been so indifferent to the claims of Art as to have no Professor.

WARRINGTON.—The exhibition of the students' works executed in the School of Art here during the year, closed on Tuesday the 2nd March last. Hitherto they have been usually exhibited about November, on the occasion of their examination and the award of medals by H.M.'s Inspector; but under the new Art code, all works from the various schools of the kingdom are sent to South Kensington, there to be adjudicated upon according to their merit. The adoption of this new code has very much crippled the action of the executive here; but to the energy of Mr. J. C. Thompson, the master, may be ascribed the fact that there was no falling off in the number of works exhibited, and their general excellence was quite up to the usual high standard of this school. Meriting notice above all the rest, were three beautiful water-colour drawings of fruit, birds'-nests,

&c., from nature, of the most promising character, by William Jenkins; and some of the designs indicated much excellence. This school has now been in existence eleven years, and its course has been most successful.

WINDSOR.—A singular discovery of ancient paintings has recently been made in the cloister of Wolsey Chapel, during some alterations that were carried on in the roof. Part of the western wall of the chapel is arranged in the shape of a large window with carved medallions, the space usually occupied by glass being filled with stone slabs. Mr. Turnbull, architect to the Castle, chanced to sound one of these slabs, when a fragment of the stone fell off, and showed underneath a portion of a richly-coloured painting. On removing three of these slabs, portraits of as many knights of the Garter were found painted on the wall, with strong iron bars in front of each picture. The colouring of the pictures is somewhat brilliant, but differs in appearance from the usual water-colour mural paintings. At present there seems to be no clue as to the personages represented, nor the date of the work.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The sale of the celebrated Poutalès collection of works of Art, which extended over several weeks, has, as was expected, attracted a very large amount of interest; purchasers from all parts of Europe attended, and the various objects offered realised, in most cases, their full value, and in many instances more than this. Our notice of the sale must be limited to the principal pictures, though some account of the sculptures might find a place here. One example, bought for our National Gallery, is referred to in another column. Of the paintings may be mentioned:—'Sea-shore at Low Water,' R. P. Bonington, £260; 'A Young Painter's Garret Studio,' Boucher, £280; 'Brigands at Prayer before a Madonna,' Coigniet, £96; 'Young Girls at Play,' Copley, £136; 'Portraits of Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprera,' David, £712; 'The Grand Vizier's Guard,' Decamps, £320; 'St. Cecilia,' P. Delaroche, £840; 'Cardinal Richelieu Sick in a Barge on the Rhone,' and 'The Death of Richelieu,' both by P. Delaroche, were put up together, and sold for £3,208; 'A Young Girl,' P. Delaroche, £160; 'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' P. Delaroche, £408; 'A Young Girl Reclining on a Couch,' Deshayes, £92; 'The Grape-Gatherer,' Girodet-Trioson, £108; 'Innocence,' a young girl holding a lamb to her bosom, Greuze, £4,008, bought, it has been stated, by the Marquis of Herford, whose gallery already contains some fine specimens of the master; 'Head of a Young Girl,' Greuze, £208; 'The Seraglio,' Haman, £104; 'Rafaelle and the Fornarina,' Ingres, £380; 'Return from Fishing,' Isabey, £120; 'Girls Bathing,' Lancret, £292; 'The Park of St. Cloud,' François, the figures by Meissonnier, £500; 'Fisherman and Young Girl of Ischia,' Robert, £164; 'Shepherd tending Sheep and Goats,' Ross Bonheur, £360; 'A Young Mother with Her Children,' Ary Scheffer, £260; 'The Meeting of Tamar and Judah,' H. Vernet, £408; 'A Young Roman Woman,' H. Vernet, £160; 'Helen and Paris Reconciled by Venus,' Prudhon, £196; 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' Philip de Champagne, formerly the altar-piece of the chapel of the Palais Royal, £1,140; 'The Flight into Egypt,' by the same painter, £136; 'Portrait of the Daughter of Philip de Champagne,' habited as a nun of the Convent of the Ladies of Port Royal, by the same painter, £1,164; 'Salomé asking the Head of John the Baptist,' Albert Durer, £80; 'Portrait of a Man,' his left hand resting on his hip, and touching the handle of his sword, F. Hals, £2,040; 'Portrait of an Old Man,' Holbein, £145; 'Portrait of a Female with a Fan,' Il Moro, £320; 'Portrait of a Burgomaster,' Rembrandt, £1,380; 'Portrait of a Veteran Soldier,' seated at a writing table, Rembrandt, £1,080; 'Portrait of a Nobleman,' bareheaded,

and with a white beard, Rubens, £440; 'Triumph of the Eucharist,' Murillo, £2,700 (purchased by the French government for the Louvre); 'St. Joseph holding the Infant Jesus by the Hand,' Murillo, £600; 'Orlando Muerte,' a picture by Velasquez, known under this title when it decorated the palace of the kings of Spain—it represents a man bareheaded, his breast covered with a cuirass, lying dead in a grotto, £1,480; 'Bust Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,' Velasquez, £288; 'Portrait of a Lady, F. Clouet, or Janet, £160; 'Bust Portrait of a Man,' Clouet, £276; 'Group of Six Noblemen,' in the costume of the time of Louis XIII., formerly in the Fesch gallery, L. Le Nain, £700; 'Samson routing the Philistines with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,' a large pen-and-ink drawing by Albert Durer, £180; 'Portrait of a Man,' Antonella de Messina, £4,450; 'Portrait of a young Duke of Urbino,' for a long time attributed to Andrea del Sarto, but now given to Sebastian del Piombo, and formerly in the gallery of the Prince of Canino, £3,720; 'Portrait of a young Man of the Medici Family,' Bronzino, £2,200; 'The Virgin and Infant,' Leonardo da Vinci, from one of the Spanish royal palaces, £3,340; 'Landscape,' Claudio, £1,400; 'The Virgin, Francia, £860; 'A Head,' Francia, £560.—Troyon the painter, who died recently, and of whom we are preparing a notice, has, it is reported, left a fortune of £48,000; of which large sum, £100 per annum will revert to the Association of Artists on the death of the person to whom it is bequeathed.—The modern pictures belonging to Mr. Alexander Dumas, jun., have been sold, and realised the sum of £4,000; the highest prices given were for 'Tasso in Prison,' by Delacroix, £560; 'Turkish Women,' by Decamps, £400; and 'Punchinello,' by Meissonnier, £280.—A class for the study of gem-engraving has been opened in the *École des Beaux Arts*, for the use of pupils between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Foreigners are permitted to join it on application to the Minister of Fine Arts.

ANTWERP.—A statue of David Teniers, the execution of which has been entrusted to M. Ducaju, is to be erected in one of the squares of this city, by command of the King of the Belgians. The public treasury will contribute the sum of 18,000 francs towards the cost of the work.

AUSTRALIA.—Some time since, the government of Victoria, desirous of encouraging the arts of the country, offered a premium of £200 for the best picture painted by an artist resident in any one of the various colonies of Australia. The prize has been awarded to Mr. N. Chevalier, of Melbourne, for his 'Buffalo Ranges,' a work of which the local papers speak in very flattering terms. Of the other paintings sent in for competition—the whole of which were thrown open to the public at the close of last year—favourable mention is made of Mr. Gritten's 'View from the Botanical Gardens,' and others by the same artist; of Mr. T. Clark's portrait of 'Sir Henry Barkly,' and his 'Capture of the Horses of Rheas'; and of a water-colour picture by Mr. Terry, of Sydney, called 'The Bush Track.' But the real interest of the exhibition centres in the pictures purchased in England, by Sir C. L. Eastlake, to form the nucleus of a National Gallery in the country, and for which the sum of £2,000 was transmitted to England by the colonial government. The number purchased is, it is said, fourteen; among them are, 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers,' by C. W. Cope, R.A.; 'Le Depart du France,' by Koller; 'Watergate Bay,' by J. Mogford; 'Horses and Pigs,' by J. F. Herring; 'An Italian Scene,' by P. Williams; 'John Bunyan in Prison,' by Folingsby, &c., &c. While writing about Art in this remote region, we may add that Frith's picture of 'The Derby Day,' sent over by Mr. Gambart, is creating quite a sensation in Melbourne; and that engravings of Ross Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' find a multitude of admirers. The colossal monumental group to the memory of Burke and Wills, the Australian explorers, modelled by M. C. Summers, has been successfully cast in bronze.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

Engraved by R. Wall.

This engraving is from a drawing made in 1845, for Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, the possessor of a very extensive collection of Turner's drawings. Some of these were sold a few years since, and among them the work in question, which passed into the hands of Mrs. De Putron, Rodwell Rectory, Sussex. The prices paid for Turner's water-colour pictures are, in general, as proportionately large as those realised by his oil-pictures, a fact that shows how highly they are esteemed.

In the first volume of his "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin passes a high and well-merited eulogium upon the series of drawings of which, we believe, this 'Lake of Lucerne' forms a part. After noticing those made of the Rivers of France, others of English Lakes, and of the river-scenery in certain Scottish localities, he says—"But all these early works of the artist have been eclipsed by some recent drawings of Switzerland. These latter are not to be described by any words, but they must be noted here, not only as presenting records of lake effect on grander scale, and of more imaginative character, than any other of his works, but as combining effects of the surface of mist with the surface of water. Two or three of the Lake of Lucerne, seen from above, give the melting of the mountain promontories beneath into the clear depth, and above into the clouds; one of Constance shows the vast lake at evening, seen not as water, but its surface covered with low white mist, lying league beyond league in the twilight like a fallen space of moony cloud; one of Goldau shows the Lake of Zug appearing through the chasm of a thunder-cloud under sunset, its whole surface one blaze of fire, and the promontories of the hills thrown out against it like spectres; another of Zurich gives the play of the green waves of the river among white streams of moonlight; two purple sunsets on the Lake of Zug are distinguished for the gloom obtained without positive colour, the rose and purple tints being in great measure brought by opposition out of browns; finally, a drawing executed in 1845, of the town of Lucerne from the Lake, is unique for its expression of water-surface reflecting the clear green hue of sky at twilight."

This appears to be a view of the lake, looking south-west from the hill above Brunnen, towards Lucerne, far away on the right. We must, however, look upon the picture rather as suggested by the general features of the scenery of the locality, than as a truthful topographical view. But the grandeur of the composition, the boldness with which the subject is treated, and the effect of extreme repose thrown over the whole, are points that cannot fail to impress the spectator. So also must the delicacy with which the whole mountain range is rendered. Solid as these vast elevations seem, rising in all their varied forms in successive elevations from the surface of the lake, and receding on the right into a mysterious and, apparently impenetrable distance, there is exquisite tenderness in their treatment, that softens every outline yet leaves the distinctive form of each mass clear and definable. As a contrast to this, and assisting most materially to produce the effect, we may point out the strength of colour given to the various objects in the foreground.

FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

TWELFTH EXHIBITION.

The present exhibition, though wanting in a 'class' of pictures which in previous years have created sensation, is, in its general quality, unusually choice. The number of second-rate and inferior works is small, while at the same time the list of masters who take good rank on the continent of Europe is more commonly inclusive in its range. The exhibition claims to be not only French but Flemish, and it ranks among its riches works by leading artists in each of these two master schools. A gallery which can show pictures by Gérôme, Bonheur, Browne, Gleyre, Lambinet, Frere, Plassan, and Meissonnier, will find favour among the numerous admirers of Gallican Art. And the lovers of the Flemish school will show no less anxiety to see the productions of Gallait, Leya, Portaels, Robie, Verboeckhoven, and Willems. It is among the many advantages accruing from the maintenance of these French exhibitions that the knowledge of foreign schools, which may have been caught up in a hasty tour or acquired from a short-lived exhibition, finds opportunity of perennial culture. As students of Art, therefore, we feel indebted to Mr. Gambart for the efforts he makes from year to year to satisfy the growing desires of English connoisseurs.

To the French school belongs pre-eminently the power of exciting curiosity through unexpected surprise. Second-rate men tread in a beaten track, and their boast is that they never deviate from self-established consistency. A French artist is too versatile to be bound down by routine, too creative to be fettered by prescribed precedent. What he may do next is a doubt even to himself, and a perplexity to his admirers and imitators. Among French artists whom we expect to do just what is most unexpected, we must place in foremost rank Jean Gérôme. Having painted Phryne the courtesan and Caesar the emperor, he now comes to 'The Muezzin' (55) on the minaret, with the cry, "Allah, there is no God but Allah." This subject is certainly less striking than some of the themes which have already engaged the pencil of M. Gérôme, yet on examination the picture will be found to contain passages of rare excellence. Ross Bonheur is another artist accustomed to take one by surprise. It is always a matter of interest to know what she will do next. This year she rises in perihelion to the 'Horse Fair,' the centre of her earlier orbit. 'Deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau' (17), will henceforth shine as a small particular star in a firmament of its own. This is a picture not of effect but of finish—a detail which has been carried into the drawing of the animals and the execution of the smallest accessories. The heather and the fern are touched in with a facile yet certain hand. The whole work has a charm it is difficult to describe. The dew of the morning seems to glitter on the cool grass, and the colour of the landscape rejoices in sparkling light. As we have made a divergence towards landscape, we had better mention in the same breath Lambinet's two unpretending pictures. The pastorals of this painter are verdant in herbage, liquid in water, and showery in cloudland. Constant Troyon, a renowned landscape painter, the news of whose death has recently reached this country, is represented by one picture, 'Field Work' (41), in that large, rough, and low-toned manner which the French prize more highly than the English. Daubigny's 'Banks of the Seine' (32) is a work in the same style.

Gleyre, whose name will ever be inscribed in the annals of the French school, if only as the painter of that mystic song of 'Evening' hung in the palace of the Luxembourg, is here seen by a work of dissonant tone therewith, 'Hercules spinning at the Feet of Omphale' (54). This is a refined example of classic and academic Art in its transition into schools romantic. Passing from large canvases to small, our first duty is to recite accustomed eulogies before the three matchless and almost priceless gems of Meissonnier. In the small picture, 'Soldiers playing at Cards in the Guard Room' (103), this artist

has even surpassed his former self. It is difficult to know whether to admire such a work most for its composition, its character, its colour, or its execution. These qualities, each excellent in superlative degree, make in combination a result which is in fact the measure of this painter's pre-eminence. The Meissonnier scale is small, yet is it worthy of note that the treatment is large. By the use of a glass, these miniature figures become magnified into heroes of force and courage. Great is this Art!—Madame Henrietta Browne puts in an appearance by a work of little pretension, a 'Young Turkish Girl' (22). This minor episode from the East claims not even the most remote consanguinity with the author's touching drama, 'The Sisters of Charity.' 'The Turkish Girl' is distinguished by a lustrous harmony of broken colour. — We had almost forgotten Edouard Frere, an artist to whom Mr. Ruskin, speaking in hyperbole, once assigned the genius of Raphael. 'Bed-Time' (47), in a cottage of Auvergne, is a fair example of the sympathetic mood of this simple-hearted painter.

The artists of Flanders are led by Gallait, who is in himself a host. His two works, 'The Illusion of Youth' (50), and 'The Disenchantment of Age' (51), are in his usual manner, broad in execution, and dramatic, not to say melodramatic, in expression. 'The Illusion of Youth' we have long made acquaintance with in the form of a lithograph, under the title, 'Art and Liberty.' The treatment throughout is calculated for the winning of popular applause. Conceived for the same stage effects is the contrasted subject, 'Columbus in Chains,' under a disguised title, 'The Disenchantment of Age.' — To the opposite school belongs Leya. This renowned painter has the honour of being represented by the largest picture in the gallery, 'Lancelot Van Ursel, Burgomaster of Antwerp, addressing the Armed Guilds in front of the Town-Hall' (90). The style is strictly mediaeval, and the flesh mediaeval too, being of the quality of tanned skin. Yet when the spectator has grown reconciled to these somewhat repellent eccentricities, he is able to recognise merits no less exceptional. The expression of the heads is wrought with trenchant reality, and the accessories, especially the background of the Belgian old houses, are painted with objective truth, which carries the eye to the spot itself. — A few other works call for a passing word. Dyckmans, notorious for his 'Blind Beggar,' has two small pictures in which high finish falls into its usual fatality, feebleness. Lies paints two pictures also—a strange compound of styles, mediaeval and modern—wherein anatomy would come as an uncalled-for impertinence. Koller, in 'The First Interview of Faust and Marguerite' (73), and Lagye, in 'Marguerite in the Chapel of Our Lady of Sorrow' (76), show, like others of their countrymen, the influence of Van Eyck and Memling. It is curious to observe how the extant schools of the Low Countries are divided between Van Eyck, Rubens, and Mieris. Portaels belongs to the larger and more showy of the manners now in vogue, as witness 'The Syrian Girl' (116), a figure gaudy and even crude, in striped robes, bright in colours, yellow, red, orange, and green. The famed white satin dress of Terburg is now claimed by many wearers, such, for example, as 'The Convalescent' (163), by Willems: a lady not too ill to don a robe which might adorn a festival. Stevens, in his picture, 'The Disappointed' (134), another title chosen on the principle of an anti-climax, also tries to win his diploma by emulation of Terburg's clever trick. In conclusion, we must not omit to mention a picture worthy of Van Huysum, 'Flowers and Fruit' (119), by Robie, remarkable for those qualities of colour, texture, and translucent play of light which give to still life animating beauty.

Thus, by aid of this small but choice collection, we have been enabled to present an epitome of two great schools in Europe, those of France and of Flanders. Daily do we see the light of these kindred styles reflected upon the school of our own country. And year by year do we hope to find that immediate interchange of thought between the great masters of all countries which shall make the Art of each nation not only national but cosmopolitan.



J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINT.

R. WALLS SCULPT.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.



A WEEK AT KILLARNEY.*
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

We ask the reader—the reader who, we hope, will be the Tourist—to accompany us to all-beautiful Killarney. We, in city pent, may envy him his walk through the gloomy Gap of Dunloe; his pensive stroll through fair Inisfallen; his ponders in melancholy Mucross; his drive through the beautiful island of Ross, and the view from its castle—the Castle of the O'Donoghue; the shower under the Torc cascade; the ascent of Mangerton, or it may be the severer toil by which he reaches the summit of Carran-tuel, the highest mountain in Ireland; and, above all, the voyage that takes him through the Upper Lake, by the perilous passage of the Old Weir Bridge, into Torc Lake, thence into the Lower Lake, stopping an hour at sweet Glena, and another hour at the Eagle's Nest, listening to echoes that are multiplied a thousand fold—now loud as a park of cannon—now gentle as a seraph's hymn—

“—A wondrous chime
Of airy voices lock'd in unison—
Faint, far-off, near, deep, solemn, and sublime.”

The memory is, to us, like a draught of pure water when athirst; and such it may be to every Tourist who enjoys a scene so abundant in all that gratifies the senses, touches the heart, and stirs the soul.

We shall suppose ourselves receiving the Tourist on the platform of THE STATION at Killarney town, and probably at once introduce him to Mr. Goodman (auspicious name), the landlord of THE RAILWAY HOTEL, to be located at which he has barely to step, under a covered way, across the road. This hotel is, we believe, the property of the Railway Company, and Mr. Goodman is their manager. There is no hotel in the kingdom better conducted; it is of modern build, with all recent improvements. The dining-room and the public sitting-room are large; there are sleeping apartments for some hundred and fifty guests, and it is impossible to overrate the zeal and attention given to all visitors. As much may be said of “THE ROYAL VICTORIA” (most happily situate, on a slope above the lower lake, in view of Glena and the Purple mountains, Ross Castle, fair Inisfallen, and the lesser islands), and no doubt due praise may be accorded to THE LAKE HOTEL; while the minor hotels, of which there are many, are necessarily made as comfortable as possible to the traveller.

The guides are essentials at Killarney, and their name is legion. Some are, of course, much better than others, but he is mistaken who, at Killarney, thinks he can do without their aid. They are full of knowledge, and, generally, of humour. Those who lead at the Railway Hotel are the brothers Spillane, well educated and well mannered young men, always preferred by visitors who have known them. The eldest, Stephen Spillane, is, in all respects, a most desirable ally, and the tourist will be fortunate who has him for a companion, to show him the wonders, to relate to him the legends, and to awaken the marvellous echoes that sleep in the Black Valley, the old Castle of Ross, and the Eagle's Nest.

Almost as essential to pleasure are the boatmen and car-drivers; the former are, in nearly all cases, sedate and steady. Now-a-days, we hear nothing of that of which in former times we heard much—the dangers to voyagers on the Lakes from the bad habits of the boatmen. At the Railway Hotel “the crew” consists of twenty-four

smart young fellows, all dressed alike, and well dressed, their “commodore” being Jeremiah Clifford, a somewhat aged man, but who can dance an Irish jig with the best youth in Kerry, who knows every spot about the place and the several legends thereof, and who can tell a story as well as the most accomplished of *raconteurs*. The car-drivers are proverbially pleasant fellows, and—reckless. They are, generally, full of fun

and wit, and marvellously help on a journey. At and about Killarney they are well trained and well conducted. Our lot has given us, during nearly all our visits, two excellent aids, the brothers Jerry and Mickey Sullivan: it chances that they are now both at the Railway Hotel. They are as good at “legends” as any of the guides, when they can leave their horses. We have had from each of them many contributions to



THE TUNNEL.

our budget: moreover, they are safe, steady, and sober drivers. So much can by no means be said of all the tribe.

It is scarcely necessary to say that within the space to which we are confined, we can give but a very limited idea of the attractions of the Killarney Lakes. We shall write enough, however, to convey an idea of their surpassing attractions, for certainly the British dominions of the Queen have, elsewhere no scenery at once so

grand and so beautiful. The highest authority gave to them the palm over those of Westmoreland. Wordsworth, in a letter we had the honour to receive from him, so records his opinion, qualifying it, however, by stating that “the three Lakes of Killarney considered as one, which they may naturally be, lying so close together, are together more important than any one of the lakes of Cumberland or Westmoreland.”

The three lakes—THE UPPER LAKE, THE



IN GLENA BAY.

LOWER LAKE, and THE MIDDLE (or Tore) LAKE—are in reality one, being joined by a narrow river, connected by bridges, “the Bricken” and “the old Weir.” They have their distinctive characteristics. The Lower Lake is studded with islands, nearly all of them being clothed with rich evergreens. The Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains completely enclosing it; while the Middle Lake has a happy

mingling of both, not inferior to the one in grace and beauty, or to the other in majestic grandeur. The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains, and there is but one channel of exit, the rapid river Laune, that runs into Castlemaine Haven, in the Bay of Dingle. They are understood to be thirty miles in circumference, the distance between the two extreme points

* Continued from p. 120.

being eleven miles, the greatest width is about two and a half miles. They are consequently not large, and *may* be seen in a day, so far, that is to say, as mere *sight* is concerned. A drive through the most savage defile in the country, the Gap of Dunloe, distant about seven miles from the town, leads to an opening in the Upper Lake, where boats are taken which row through the three lakes; Tourists visiting some of the islands on the way; touching at venerable Mucross Abbey; gazing up at the mountains; "about" at the rich foliage of the arbutus mingled with that of the yew, the holly, and other forest trees; listening to the echoes that repeat the bugle blast a score of times; hearing some of the legends of which every rock, and islet, and point contains at least one; driving home, it may be, through the beautiful demesne of Ross Island, to the Railway Hotel, or landing on the shore underneath the windows of the Victoria. A day *may*, and unhappily does often, suffice to exhibit the Killarney Lakes; but those who are compelled to give them no longer time are to be pitied much.*

The attractions of the Killarney Lakes are not to be described in the limited space we here allot to them; yet a faint idea of them may be given—sufficient, at least, to induce "further inquiry." We pass over the comparatively minor matters of which all readers have read something—the round towers, the monastic ruins, and the dilapidated castles—relics of all which are found in close association with the Lakes. There are no finer remains in Ireland than those of Mucross Abbey; it is only the base of a round tower that is to be examined at Aghadoe, and for "ould castles" we must take a few steps out of the district; but curiosity will be gratified, if information is not obtained, by these additions to the charms of the locality. Moreover, there is a cave where a volume may be read, which dates from a very far off period—the Ogham stones, which the Irish scholar may and does peruse. There are many other relics of remote ages to be seen—the cromlech, the Logan stone,

"Which the slightest touch alone sets moving,
But all earth's power cannot shake from its base;"

"raths," artificial mounds of earth where the fairies hold their revels, and a singular cave far under ground laid out in chambers and corridors; singular stones, the uses of which cannot even be guessed at, but which, of course, were perforated by the knees of saints or marked by the feet of giants—in short, a very large proportion of antiquities peculiar to Ireland are to be examined within a few miles of the hotels.

It is, however, to the *scenery* of the Lakes that we are specially bound to direct attention, and which, even at the risk of "ringing the changes," we repeat, cannot be surpassed in Great Britain as a combination of the sublime and the beautiful, of savage grandeur with most delicate loveliness, of rugged mountain and delicious valley, of wood and water in luxurious profusion, of all that can delight the eye and thence make its way to the heart.

Let us take one of the Tours: that which must occupy a whole day—and a full day. We drive or ride to the Gap of Dunloe, going perhaps a mile out of the way to visit venerable Aghadoe, its round tower, its ruined church, and the grave-field, where lie the ashes of twenty generations.

* We by no means go so far as Thackeray, who writes that "he who determines to see the whole of the lakes in a day, is an ass for his pains;" for a full summer day, from sunrise to sunset, may show him all the lions; but such "hurry" can give little or no enjoyment, and will leave but a faint impression of the beauties of the district.

What a view there is from the summit of the broken tower! We enter the Gap—a narrow road between huge mountains, out of which often the eagle issues and soars above our path. The small lakes seem of black water, for heavy shadows are on them always. To describe the Pass as savage is

not enough; it is awful in its gloomy grandeur. We pause awhile to wake its echoes, and proceed, until we arrive at its terminus, some four miles, and look down on the "Coom Dhuv," the black valley, at the base of Carran Tuel, the loftiest of the Irish mountains, which no doubt you will



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

ascend before you leave the district; or, if difficulties deter you, there will be Mangan, almost as high and far easier of ascent. Another walk of two miles or so brings us to the Upper Lake, where, passing over Garameen Bridge, we enter boats,

well provided with sturdy rowers, and full of baskets that give promise of a dinner at Glena, with that luxury of luxuries, a salmon, just caught, roasted on arbutus sticks—a treat of which the Tourist should by all means partake. We row somewhat



THE DEVIL'S ISLAND.

rapidly through the Upper Lake; there are few objects to detain us, for the arbutus, in flower and in fruit, the yew, and gigantic ferns, are everywhere on either side as we pass along. We look up to the mountains, but we see them to disadvantage, and though there are a few wooded islands here,

we do not stay to visit them. Soon we arrive at the "Long Range." It is the river that connects the Upper with Tore and the Lower Lake. "Row gently here," and ship the oars when under "the Eagle's Nest," a rock clothed almost to its summit; we are to hear the beat of the

Killarney echoes. The guide steps ashore; presently he sounds his bugle. The effect is MAGICAL; the word is too poor for our purpose. He will first play a single note; it is caught up and repeated loudly, softly, again loudly, again softly, the sound twisting and twirling around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying

away in the distance, until it is heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. There is a small cannon on the shore, small, but large enough. Suddenly it is fired. In an instant every mountain miles around seems instinct with angry life, and replies in voices of thunder to the insignificant sound that has roused them. It is multiplied a thousand fold, and with infinite

but if time be of importance, hasten onwards, under the shadows awhile of Glena mountain. You can see nothing of it but its covering of trees and shrubs, in vast variety: yet the red deer is browsing above you, and you may sometimes hear his bellow. You will have time—if you are hurried, that is to say, which we hope you will not be—to visit but one of the islands, and that must be Inisfallen,

"Sweet Inisfallen!"

the largest and certainly the most lovely of the many islands of the Lower Lake. Examine its wonders, its gigantic trees, and the remains of its ancient abbey, and become again a voyager, landing at Ross Castle, if your home be the Railway Hotel, and walking a mile through delicious grounds to your domicile. But Ross Castle with its histories and its legends, and Ross Island with its hills, and dales, and walks, where the hand of liberal taste has long been busy, must not thus be "run over." Alone, it will yield pleasure enough for a day.

We have thus, we trust, given to our readers a glimpse of the enjoyment that awaits those who visit all beautiful Killarney: it is but a glimpse.

But when the lakes and islands have been fully seen, the mountains climbed, and all their marvellous beauties duly examined and appreciated, the Tourist must by no means think he has exhausted the district. There is, within a drive of thirty miles, as wild a sea-coast as any to be found in Ireland, not excepting that which girdles the north, and neighbours the Giant's Causeway; or the stupendous mountain cliffs in Connemara. The bays and harbours of Kerry are second to none in grandeur or in beauty.

It is a wild drive, indeed, that which conducts the Tourist from Killarney to Valentia, passing the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell (now a ruin) at Cahirciveen, round the coast to Kenmare, and so on to Glengariff and Bantry.

But these are topics on which we can barely touch; the space we have allotted to the subject is expended.

We trust, however, enough has been said—even though we have said so little—to induce many who will this year visit Dublin, to extend their tour to Killarney. High as we may raise expectation, we have no dread of disappointment.

In our Introductory Remarks we detailed so fully the inducements to visit Ireland, that it cannot now be needful to repeat them. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, which opens in Dublin a few days after this number of the *Art-Journal* will be in the hands of its readers, will, no doubt, induce tens of thousands to visit that country; tourist-tickets (as we have explained) will be issued at a very low rate; there can be no journey anywhere that will cost so little. These tourist-tickets are letters of recommendation; but, indeed, a *stranger* requires none. The voyage of less than four hours from Holyhead is in summer really but a pleasure trip; and, above all, the English may see the Irish where they are best seen and known, "at home," and so help to cement that bond of "union" upon which so much of the happiness and prosperity of the United Kingdoms depend, and which only the enemies of both seek to loosen or to break.

We trust we shall not be considered presumptuous if we refer the Tourist who contemplates this delicious tour, to the new edition we issue of our book—"A WEEK AT KILLARNEY."



BIRTHPLACE OF O'CONNELL.

variety: at first with a terrific growl, then a fearful crash. Both are caught up by the surrounding hills, mingling together, now in solemn harmony, now in utter discordance; awhile those that are nearest become silent, awaiting those that are distant—the echoes of echoes; then joining together, in one mighty sound, louder and louder; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only gave them life; then breaking forth

again into a combined roar that would seem to be heard a hundred miles away.

Good reader, this is no exaggeration. Yes; if you had but this one recompense for your visit to Killarney, it would suffice.

Pass on. The old Weir Bridge is before you: keep very quiet; it is safe enough, but it does not seem so. This is one of the Killarney lions, shaking his mane in strength and power. The waters rush



THE ISLAND OF VALENTIA.

through the passage fiercely; and a shudder, even a shriek, may be pardoned to delicate nerves; but there is no danger. You are now in Dinas Pool, and will land at Dinas Island, where the liberality of Mr. Herbert has provided a pretty cottage, at which Tourists may rest and be thankful; and where the aforenamed "salmon roasted on arbutus skewers" will soon be ready; but

if you are not very hungry, proceed onward yet a little, and crossing Torc Lake, enter the Lower Lake, and rest at beautiful Glena, in the pretty cottage "the Kenmares" have prepared for your reception; and while dinner is dressing, hear a real Irish piper—blind of course—play a genuine Irish air on veritable Irish bagpipes.

You will have done enough for the day;

ORNAMENTAL IRON-WORK.

MANIFESTLY a vast change for the better in the architectural and decorative aspect of our cities and towns has taken place within the last few years, and to this happy result the frequent introduction of beautiful iron-work has contributed in no measured degree. The progressive improvement of our iron "industries" of late is surpassed by no other branch of Art-manufactures; and whether as an element of wealth, stability, or beauty, this material seems destined to assume—if it has not indeed already done so—a very foremost position. Until somewhat recently, cast iron applied to the higher branches of decorative Art was comparatively unknown to us, and at the corner of our streets we were accustomed to see—and in some places do still see—an old cannon serve the purpose of a curb post, and the same old weapon of war surmounted by a plain shaft doing duty for a lamp-pillar. Now, however, when parochial boards or corporate bodies find it necessary to provide these essentials to our comfort and safety, they generally show a laudable desire not only to set up an object suited to its utilitarian purpose, but also something which, by the beauty and appropriateness of the design, as well as by the cunning handicraft of the artisan, may serve as an ornament to the locality and an example of what is good in Art to the thousands who come within the reach of its influence.

Such a work we have in the Lamp Standard and Ventilating Shaft here engraved, of which two have been erected over the subway in Southwark Street, a street running from the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge to nearly the foot of London Bridge, and which is among the recent "improvements" carried out on the south side of the Thames. These lamps and shafts were executed in cast-iron by Messrs. Walter Macfarlane and Co., of the Saracen Foundry, Glasgow, and Bedford Street, Strand, from the designs of Mr. C. H. Driver, which were furnished to the manufacturers by Mr. J. W. Bazalgette, Engineer to the Board of Works.

The lower half of the design consists of a hollow clustered column, two feet in its greatest diameter, with a massive spreading moulded base. This column has a decorated capital of conventional foliage with projecting stems, the *abacus* being brought to the octagon form. Above this capital the continuation of the shaft is encircled by a perforated cresting, from which spring four semicircular arms for the lamps; branching scrolls fill in these semicircles: the eyes of foliated rosettes in the centre of the scrolls are formed of richly-cut prisms of crystal. The lamps consist of a hemisphere, or cup, of glass, with ornamental pendant and decorated metallic ring. The lamp-covers are of glass, conical shaped, with a decorated metallic crest. From the continuation of the shaft above the capitals, and immediately above the arms, spring eight foliated brackets supporting a ring, or coronal, five feet three inches in diameter. This ring is formed of a *torus*, or semicircular moulding, with an under fringe and a beautifully perforated and curved cresting; it is united to a smaller one, at a greater height, by eight curved ribs of open iron-work, which form perforated scrolls, the effect of the whole being that of a rich open crown or canopy. The curved outline of the ribs is continued by an ogee curve, which terminates in a slender neck moulding. At this point eight curved and foliated stems project; the main stem of the finial rising through this is encircled by a lace-like coronet of open iron-work, below which is a large crystal prism, with cut *facets*, and is terminated by a ball of open iron-work and tapering spiracle. The shaft is terminated by a finial of bold and beautiful design, eight feet in height. The whole stands upon a basement of stone five feet in height, and forms a graceful and attractive object to the passer-by, while it offers an illustration of the adaptability of cast-iron to receive the richest and most delicate artistic treatment.

If we mistake not, this is the first offering of the Metropolitan Board of Works to Industrial Art. It is a worthy one, and, no doubt, will be followed by many others. Indeed, it fore-

shadows what London may yet become if the Board, with its almost unlimited powers, uses them discreetly and wisely, making the most of every salient point for the display of what is picturesquely good.

We have at various times directed attention to the skilful rendering by Messrs. Macfarlane

of their productions, and especially of those sent to the Industrial Exhibition of 1862, for which they received a medal; the award was made on the report of the jury, specified in the following terms:—"Admirable Architectural Castings of Ornamental Crestings, Panels, Finials, Rain-water Pipes, Gutters, &c., being sharp, clean,



and full of character." This well-deserved testimony has, doubtless, been gained by the determination of the manufacturers to give, even to the commonest of their productions, that true artistic element so often found absent in cast-iron work. Numerous examples of this are seen in the show-room in Bedford Street.

We may remark incidentally that the Saracen Foundry, Glasgow, where Messrs. Macfarlane's works are carried on, covers about two acres of ground. The buildings are somewhat after the Venetian Gothic style of architecture, and under their roofs about five hundred "hands" pursue their heavy labours.

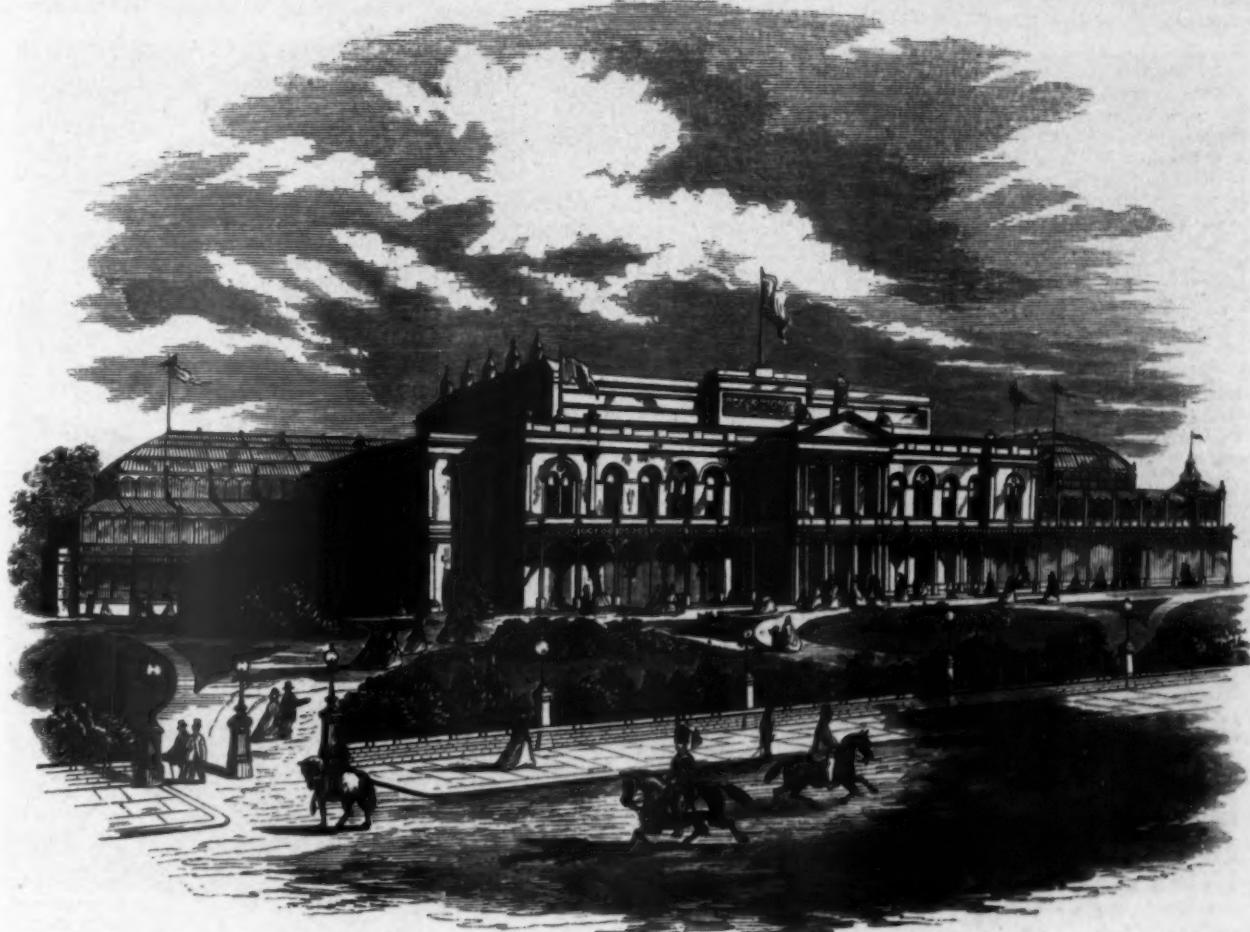
THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE month that has elapsed since we noticed this great undertaking, has been well employed by the various committees and officers of the exhibition; and a commensurate progress has been made in every department. Externally, little, comparatively speaking, remains to be done: the whole mass of buildings may now be said to be completed, save a few light and temporary structures which are in course of erection at the north-eastern angle, for the purpose of adding two more courts—one for carriages, and the other for machinery at rest. These are kept sufficiently low to prevent their marring the beauty of the original pile, and are a very desirable ad-

junct to the accommodation which, with the growing requirements of contributors, is even still too limited. The grounds may be pronounced all but finished—the approaches on all sides are being laid down. A massive dwarf wall of hewn granite protects the front, or eastern entrance, and is surmounted by handsome iron pillars at intervals, from which depend chains—thus forming a fencing at once elegant and substantial. The gates, both at the northern and southern ends of the enclosure, are remarkably fine, and afford spacious room for entrance. We have, in our last observations, given a sufficiently accurate description of the external style and architectural features of the building. To this we have now nothing to add, but that, as it receives the last finishing in the minuter details, its general effect is enhanced. Our

attention must henceforth be mainly directed to the interior. Much has been done here—though much remains to be done.

The arrangements and application of the various courts and apartments have been finally made, and appear to us to have been done with judgment. We shall go rapidly through them. On the ground-floor, the great hall, as we formerly stated, is intended for the reception of sculpture. It is open to the roof, through which it is lighted by a lantern the whole length; while all around it, supported by pillars, runs a gallery in the upper story: the hall is floored with encaustic tiling, in various patterns and colours. Passing out of the hall into the great structure of iron and glass, which traverses the whole length of the building, from north to south, we



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: FRONT VIEW.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nickolls.

enter a square of over forty feet, which is assigned to Rome; to the right or north of which is a quadrangle, about twice as large, dedicated to the productions of the rest of Italy. Still farther north, a small space will be occupied by Sweden and Norway; while on the extreme south, Belgium gets a very extensive location. These allocations bisect the building longitudinally from south to north; the other half, that bounding the gardens, will be occupied by Prussia to the extreme south; Austria coming next; France taking up the centre, including the apses, and stretching northward till it reaches the location for Denmark. The portion of the building which runs from west to east—being a space of about 270 feet long, and 117 feet wide, will be appropriated entirely to the United Kingdom. Northward of this, a

fine spacious court has been erected for machinery in motion; from which we pass eastward into a smaller court, for machinery at rest; adjacent to which, going southward, is a court of similar size, for the exhibition of carriages. Beyond the music hall, on the south of the entrance hall, are four rooms for the display of photographs; the disposable space south of which will be arranged for first-class refreshment rooms.

A spacious double staircase on the right of the hall leads to the upper floor and galleries. Round the hall runs a gallery which, with a room over the entrance, will be reserved for pictures of the modern foreign schools. The large room to the right is intended for the old masters, whose works are to be arranged chronologically, as in the Manchester Exhibition—a plan which

is highly instructive and interesting. We have already mentioned that a gallery is assigned for the exhibition of water colours, and another will contain the paintings of the modern English school. Considering the large requirements for the other objects of the Exhibition, we are bound to say that the interests of the Fine Arts have not been neglected in point of space; we could wish that the smaller picture galleries were wider and better lighted. A small mediaeval court adjoins the great picture gallery. The galleries running round the whole of the iron building will be occupied by the industrial productions of the various nations in the following sequence, beginning at the south-west angle:—Prussia, Austria, France (in the apses), Turkey, China, and Japan, the British Colonies, India, the United Kingdom, Italy, Switzerland, Hol-

land, and Belgium. Such are the final arrangements of the space, which we understand is very much less than is needed for the number and requirements of the applicants.

Now that the interior of the great western building is finished, one can adequately judge of its effect as a whole. Standing at the north-western angle, a full view is obtained southward and eastward, so as to take in the entire structure at a glance. The opinion which we formed at first has been fully confirmed by our latest survey, and we venture to assert that it is the most successful combination of iron and glass that has as yet been erected. In the arching of the roof, strength, grace, and lightness have been admirably combined; and the lattice-work of the girders gradually tapering to the centre, contributes not a

little to the elegance of its appearance. The columns throughout the building are light and airy shafts, that suit well with the character of the galleries they have to support; and, though simple, they are tastefully moulded in their ornamentation. We understand that the credit of much of the design of the ironwork is due to Mr. Orlish, the well-known engineer, by whom the details were worked out. The castings were made in the foundry of Messrs. Rankin, of Liverpool, and are an admirable illustration of the perfection to which this branch of manufacture has been brought.

The subject of the colouring of this structure was a question of great anxiety and much consideration. Artists, and artists only, will fully understand the importance of this matter. In all buildings, as we are of late years beginning to under-

stand, colour is primarily to be considered. It gives a character to the place, and to the objects which are to occupy it; and an error in judgment, especially where the objects to be affected are artistic or delicate, is sure to operate prejudicially. The difficulty in the present case was increased by the vast mass of light which is received in every direction into the building; this would necessarily detect and exaggerate anything that might be inharmonious in tone. In our frequent visits to the building, while this matter was under discussion, we have seen the experiments in colouring which were submitted to the test; and we have been sometimes more amused than edified by the suggestions we have heard from amateurs. One sturdily advocated vermillion; another clamoured for cobalt; while a third assured us that a good ochreous buff



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE WINTER GARDEN.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nickolls.

would have a charming effect. Fortunately, the subject was in the hands of one who understood it—Mr. Henry Doyle, whose skilful decoration of the Roman Catholic chapel at Cabra, near Dublin, we have already favourably noticed in the *Art-Journal*. Accordingly, he took his own course in the matter; and bearing in mind, not only the present use to which the structure is to be applied, but its permanent occupation as a winter garden, he has used quiet, neutral colours—light and delicate shades of lavender and green being largely prevalent, with here and there a small portion of a stronger and more *prononcé* character, for effect. This, we do not hesitate to affirm, is artistically correct, harmonizing with the building itself, and suited to relieve, but not offend, the strong and varied colours that will be thrown

off from the various articles with which the room will be filled. These will supply the deeper and more brilliant colouring necessary for contrasts; and the banners which will be used as decorations will show finely against the more delicate colouring of the interspaces.

The strength of the galleries has been lately tested in a very satisfactory manner. A body of five hundred of the 78th Highlanders marched through them *en masse*, fully accoutred, with their band playing—a very pretty exhibition in itself.

The Fine Arts department will be placed under the superintendence of Mr. Doyle, and we have reasons to expect that it will be very complete, and highly interesting as an exposition of Art ancient and modern. While foreign artists and foreign governments are not deficient in their contribu-

tions, as we took occasion to state last month, we rejoice to find that the collections in our own country will be liberally placed at the disposal of the Exhibition. In addition to the contributions which Her Majesty has already graciously accorded, we learn that she has signified her intention of sending Leslie's great picture of 'The Coronation,' and that of the 'Marriage of the Princess Royal,' painted by Phillip. She also permits a selection from the Indian collection at Windsor Castle to be forwarded. This collection will add considerably to the interest of the Indian Department, which, it is expected, will be rich and beautiful, under the management of a special committee, the presidentship of which Lord Gough has just accepted. Our nobility, too, are following this good example. The Dukes of Devonshire and

of Manchester are contributing from their collections works of both ancient and modern masters. Earls Warwick, Darnley, St. Germans, Spencer, Portarlington, and Mayo will send their best pictures by the ancient masters; so, too, will Viscount Powerscourt and Lord Lyttelton, and Willet Adye, and Thomas Kibble, Esqrs. Some good pictures of the British school, including those of Romney, Gainsborough, and others, come from Lord De Tabley, and a *chef-d'œuvre* in sculpture of Hogan's, 'Eve's first Sight of Death,' purchased by his lordship in Rome when that great Irish sculptor was a student there. We learn with pleasure that, in addition to the statuary that has been promised from Rome, and of which we spoke on a former occasion, every British sculptor will be represented. It is gratifying to hear that the Roman government is giving every facility to artists in the transport of their works to

Ireland, and is exerting itself energetically in the cause of the Exhibition. This is wise as well as generous. It not only promotes the Fine Arts, but directly benefits the artists, as it is a fact that by far the greatest portion of the sculpture sent to the International Exhibition at Hyde Park was purchased there. It is not unreasonable to expect that the artists may be equally successful in disposing of their works in Dublin.

It will be seen from what we have said on the subject of the arrangements of space, that some rooms have been appropriated to the display of photography, as among the Fine Arts; and we understand that the exhibition of these will comprise the largest and most varied collection of photographs ever brought together. To assign a place to photography amongst the Fine Arts may perhaps admit of a question; but we think the committee have done wisely in not deciding that question in the nega-

tive by excluding it. There is no doubt that in 1862 much discontent was caused among photographers by the refusal to rank them with artists. By giving the benefit of the doubt on this question, the Dublin committee will have their reward, as the photographers are coming forward in unprecedented numbers with their productions.

The Dublin committee have adopted a new arrangement for the selection of juries. The various British and foreign committees will be required to forward the names of persons whom they consider to be fit for the office, and from these lists the executive committee will select the juries. It is to be regretted that the space at the disposal of the committee is so much less than has been demanded. A good deal of jealousy and discontent must arise amongst disappointed applicants, no matter how fairly or judiciously those who have the disposal of



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE INTERIOR.

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nickel.

the space may act in the discharge of this difficult duty. To obviate, in some degree, this inconvenience to exhibitors, the Royal Dublin Society, with the liberality which has ever characterised that body whenever the public good was to be promoted, has placed its valuable and extensive premises at the disposal of the exhibition committee for the display of agricultural machinery and implements. This will afford an opportunity of making this department of the Exhibition—so important to Ireland—far more considerable than could otherwise have been done. We trust manufacturers will avail themselves of the increased accommodation.

A very important bill has just received the Royal assent, whereby the rights of all persons exhibiting new inventions or new designs are fully protected, notwithstanding the exposition of them at the Exhibition. We trust that this measure will

remove any difficulty that might have stood in the way of inventors, and that they will be encouraged to contribute largely on this occasion.

Meantime the executive committee are making their arrangements for the opening on the 9th of May. They have confided to Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, the details of the marshalling, and the preparation of the programme of the ceremonies connected with the inauguration. Though these are not yet completed, we are enabled to give the following outline. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is expected to arrive at Kingstown on the evening of the 8th of May. The following day he is to leave the Lodge at noon in state, reaching the building about one o'clock. At the grand entrance he will be received by the Lord Mayor and the members of the executive committee. Thence they will proceed to the great concert hall, where the

National Anthem will be sung, and the ceremony of inauguration will take place. The Prince will then inspect the several departments of the building, and returning to the dais in the concert hall, declare, in the name of her Majesty, the Exhibition opened. A musical performance will conclude the ceremony, which promises to be a very brilliant one.

No doubt the several committees are working ardently and well; as we have elsewhere observed, the railway companies are co-operating liberally with them, so as to induce a large in-flow of visitors to Ireland this year. The result will be great good to Ireland, and not to that country only, but to England also.

Especially we shall have to congratulate the architect, ALFRED G. JONES, Esq., on the completion of a work that will be regarded as a professional triumph.

GOLDSMITH.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

It is quite fitting that the precincts of the University of Dublin should be graced by a statue of one whose name occupies a bright page in the roll of Great Britain's literary men. Goldsmith owes little or none of his reputation to Trinity College; it did but little for him. The neglect, however, was less that of the college than his own; he could not bring his wild, erratic spirit to its discipline, nor brook the tyranny of some who bore rule over him. "His college tutor, the Rev. Theaker Wilder," writes one of Goldsmith's recent biographers, Dr. Waller, also of Trinity College, Dublin, "was a man of some mathematical ability, but violent in temper, insolent and overbearing in manners, and of a harsh, vicious, and brutal nature. Oliver detested mathematics, and so incurred the wrath of his tutor, which the indolence and thoughtlessness of the pupil gave too many occasions to gratify. He was subjected to taunts, ridicule, and insults almost daily—sometimes even to personal chastisement from one who, exercising over him the rights of a master over a servant, persecuted him with unremitting rancour." It must be remembered that Goldsmith was only a sizar of his college, that is, a "poor scholar," who received his education, and his board and lodging, such as these last were, free of expense, and that szars were compelled to perform certain menial duties. Moreover, our universities in Goldsmith's time—more than a century ago—were conducted in a far different manner from what they are now and have long been. Especially was this the case in Dublin. Cambridge as well as Dublin has yet its "szars," and Oxford its "Bible-clerks," a similar class of students; but there is nothing absolutely degrading in their position, and both are generally recognised as evidence of good scholarship.

Goldsmith's college life, as Dr. Waller remarks, "is not one on which we dwell with pleasure. . . . It is useless to speculate what the young man's progress might have been under kindlier treatment. Brutality first outraged and then discouraged a sensitive nature. He sought relief from his wretchedness sometimes in dissipation, often in reckless disrespect of discipline; he wasted his time, neglected his studies, and dissipated the scanty supplies which his father could afford him." At length, in the spring commencement of 1749, he took his B.A. degree. "As he passed out for the last time through the wicket in that massive gate beside which he so often loitered, how little did he think the time would come when he should stand there, in the mimic bronze, for ever—no loiterer now, friendless, nameless, neglected, but honoured and admired—one of the great names that fill all lands, and enoble their own."

That time has at length come, and Foley's noble statue of the *quondam* sizar of Trinity College, which we have engraved here, adorns the front of the edifice. How thoroughly it seems to embody the man: he is reading a book, with a pencil in his hand for annotating; some idea seems suddenly to have occurred to him, and he stops in his walk—for the figure is in the attitude of walking—to reflect a moment. A realistic statue truly; easy, graceful, natural, with all the difficulties of the costume of the period triumphantly overcome: a noble tribute to the genius of one Irishman from the hand of another.

MR. F. MADDOX BROWN'S PICTURES.

AN exhibition of the collected works of this eminent painter is now open in Piccadilly; the catalogue numbers nearly one hundred pictures, sketches, and designs, some of which exemplify the earliest experience of the artist. By that sect of painters calling themselves Pre-Raphaelite, Mr. Brown is claimed as a brother, and he has by certain of his works acknowledged himself as of "the order." The pictures are seen to much disadvantage in the very small room wherein they are hung; and this is particularly felt in works of the speciality which these affect. Two or three of them would afford a diagnosis of the character, though not of the degree of success, of the whole; that is, they would tell us that the artist is a man of genius, a hard worker, who thinks for himself, and who is indefatigable in research towards the attainment of accuracy—the best passages of whose autobiography he has written rather in his small than in his large pictures. Those that catch the eye on entering the room are 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.', 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet,' 'Work,' 'Willelmus Conquistator,' 'Cordelia and Lear,' 'Wickliff reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt,' 'The Pretty Baa-lamb,' 'The last of England,' 'Manfred on the Jungfrau,' 'The Death of St. Oswald,' &c. The whole, perhaps, of Mr. Brown's works that have been publicly exhibited since his early time, we have seen and considered attentively; for, as compositions of earnest and original thought, they cannot be lightly passed by. The announcement of the exhibition was therefore looked forward to as the first opportunity that had presented itself of seeing what the lapse of fifteen or twenty years had done for such works; mindful always of the first impressions they made.

Many of the early paintings have been extensively re-touched, a circumstance open to explanation in more ways than one. The results of this are a softness and concentration which did not before exist. The large picture, 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.', has been studied as strictly an open-air effect, and faithful as it is to this proposition, we have always felt the want of gradations and some imposing dark in the arrangement. The small picture, 'Lear and Cordelia,' Mr. Brown considers one of his best works. We agree with him, and go further than he does; it is his most complete picture. It was shown fourteen or fifteen years ago at Knightsbridge, where the Portland Gallery exhibitions originated. When it was first exhibited the impression it then gave was that which the artist has since admitted, otherwise he would not have acted upon it. He felt that it wanted softness and combination, and he has very wisely re-touched it. But the picture which has been worked out in the most sincere spirit of the class wherein the artist has signalled himself is that entitled 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet.' The patient elaboration bestowed upon it, cannot be too highly praised, nor can we over estimate the tact shown in securing the essential points that identify the work as of the pre-Raphaelite section. In direct contrast to this is the feeling of the Wickliff picture, in which the heads of Chaucer and Gower are of great beauty; and a similar character pervades a long list of the small works in the collection. Of Shakspere there is in the public mind an ideal which no imaginary portrait will ever now supplant; it is not therefore surprising that Mr. Brown's portrait is denied the merit of being a happy impersonation. The features depart from all common impressions of those of Shakspere, insomuch as to throw many difficulties in the way of recognition. We ought, perhaps, to have commenced this short notice with a description of the picture 'Work,' but it is a subject that alone would require a chapter, and all we can find room to say of it is, that it is itself a *work* showing a high development of thought, united with great and varied power of execution. But the entire exhibition is, briefly, descriptive of the spirit that has actuated the artist during the fifteen or sixteen years that we remember his works.

MACLISE'S 'DEATH OF NELSON.'

THIS great picture is now finished, and will shortly be open to public inspection. The work is spoken of as completed, but all available time will yet be employed in re-touching parts which may seem to require strengthening; and although, by the ordinary observer, the details of this revision would be inappreciable, yet the effect will be felt as a whole. This magnificent painting having been already more than once minutely described in these columns, it is not now necessary to repeat the story of its composition, and that of the labours of the artist. It has been in contemplation by Mr. Maclise to exhibit at the Academy the carefully finished oil picture from which it has, figure by figure, been worked out. If, however, he had determined to send it for exhibition, he has, we believe, abandoned that resolution from a chivalrous regard for the interests and feelings of others. It is to be hoped that the singular delicacy and modesty of such an act will be understood, although as regards the line of sight at the Academy there are two extreme feelings which extinguish all considerations immediately relative—those of exultation, and those of bitter disappointment. But for the last five years we do not remember that Mr. Maclise has occupied a foot of the line. The exhibition, therefore, of such a picture could not reasonably open a source of discontent, even to the most ambitious or most unworthy pretenders. There are many important reasons, entirely independent of its great merit, which render it desirable that the oil study should appear on the walls of the Academy, and those alone would have morally silenced the voices of the small authors of smaller themes. The extensive and patient research whereby, in the Waterloo picture, the military equipment and material, already all but forgotten, of the early part of the present century has been reproduced in painting, has, if possible with greater earnestness, been applied to circumstantial verification of the Trafalgar picture. Sentimental battle-painting is not, and never can be, a fashion among us; if it were a national taste, it could be more than gratified without divergence from truthful narrative. The accounts that have come down to us of the death of Nelson are too meagre to satisfy the inquiries of a very conscientious artist, and of the persons who were with Nelson when he fell, but very few are known; therefore, in the direction of portraiture the painter has had but little assistance. In modern pictures called historical, there is a marked tendency to dramatise serious narrative; but here is no approach to theatrical effect. The emotions of all the actors are absorbed by the circumstances of their situations respectively, without acknowledgment of an exterior circle of spectators, to whom the scene is as nothing without some vain compliment to national glory. Mr. Maclise has read his subject naturally, and set it before us with as near approach to reality as possible. With him, an exaggerated utterance of grief is not necessary to the description of a calamity, nor an expression of wild exultation indispensable to that of a victory. We cannot dismiss the subject without one word in reference to the inadequate remuneration granted for these national pictures, the discussion of which, at any length, may, however, be postponed until the subject is again brought before the House of Commons.



GOLDSMITH.

ENGRAVED BY G. STODART, FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R. A.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.



MR FRITH'S PICTURE,
THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.'

THIS picture, 'The Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales,' will more than realise public expectation. Mr. Frith, by sparkle of execution, glitter of colour, contrasts and harmonies in composition, together with telling traits of character, has overcome the inherent difficulties of his subject, and made out of a formal state ceremonial a brilliant work of Art. No theme could be more abundant in rich material. The occasion itself, the marriage of the heir apparent to an ancient monarchy, the nuptials of the future ruler of an empire whereon the sun, in its world-wide circuit, never sets, is fraught with brightest hopes, and draws around it every circumstance of greatness. The place, again, where the company is assembled, the Royal Chapel of Windsor, recalls a thousand memories of the past; the very stones are built into the history of the country, and the rich elaboration of architectural ornament seems to proclaim the pomp of dynasties. The assembly itself, one of the most dazzling ever congregated—the nobles of the land, ministers of state, dignitaries of the Church, envoys of foreign nations—makes this ceremony and the picture which records it a living and a lasting chronicle of England's power, wealth, and greatness. Such is the subject upon which Mr. Frith has for many months bestowed labour and anxious thought. That the Queen and the royal family are gratified with the result no one can doubt who sees the picture now complete.

The grouping of the figures is eminently pictorial. The prince and the princess, who stand in face of the spectator, towards the centre of the foreground, attract the eye, and then the attention is drawn off to the surrounding company, following the perspective of crowded heads, which stream into the choir, till lost at the furthest point of sight in the distant nave. The prince is in the deep purple robe of the Order of the Garter; the princess is dressed in white; thus, by the juxtaposition of the deepest dark and the highest light in the two principal characters, the utmost pictorial effect is gained. Above, from a balcony, or oriel window, where Anne Boleyn was accustomed to hear mass, stands the queen, a distant but earnest spectator of the ceremony. She is attended by ladies of the household. On the left of the royal couple are ranged the English princesses; on the right, with telling prominence, dressed in black velvet, relieved by the brilliancy of the Scotch tartan, stand the Prince Arthur and Leopold. In the placing of these figures the painter has made a master-stroke. Further to the right of the altar, immediately in the foreground, is the Duchess of Brabant, a figure of command, robed in lustrous purple, embroidered with gold. The glowing colour and the dazzling light cast upon this leading form, keep surrounding figures in their place, and throw into distance the crowded background. Near to the Duchess of Brabant are the King and the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince, the King of Greece, and other members of the Danish dynasty. Close at hand, likewise, may be distinguished the Duke of Saxe Coburg, brother of the good Prince Consort. The bright train of bridesmaids, dressed in white, and wreathed in roses, shines as a sunny bank of spring flowers in the midst of the choir. When we add to the preceding enumeration the grave company of bishops, deans, and ecclesiastics who keep guard at the altar,

we have completed the roll of the chief actors in the pageant. Yet this is a scene in which, in some sense, no character can be subordinate, and thus even the medley crowd is in fact a studied and blended composition of individual portraits. The richly-carved stalls of the chapel are tenanted by nobles, statesmen, and ladies of title, who add materially to the decorative display. In this line, which runs decisively across the canvas, may be seen the portraits of the Chancellor, Lord Palmerston, Bucleuch, and Devonshire, the late Sir Cornewall Lewis, the Speaker, and many others. Over the heads of this illustrious company hang numerous banners of knighthood; and still yet above, the painted windows, indicated in half tone, carry colour into the architecture. The manner in which this crowded company, this multiplicity of material, has been brought together into unity, is a triumph over difficulties which, under less dexterous treatment, would have proved fatal. It is no small praise to say that while this composition is true, even to the measurement of the comparative scale between the figures and the architectural details, the picture, as a picture and as a work of Art, is the first idea which seizes on the mind. Only by well-timed surrender and strictly-calculated subordination—self-denying qualities which, of all others, it is hard not to overstep—can this massing and merging of units into a whole be secured. This, the last bringing together of the picture, is without flaw.

The architectural proportions and decorations of the Chapel of Windsor add state to the imposing pageant. The unobtrusive colour of the stonework forms a quiet background to the dazzling costumes. The painted glass in the clerestory windows carries the balance of colour up to the summit of the canvas. Again, the illuminations on the organ are made to enhance the general enrichment. Even the carpet at the altar, decorated with the roses of York and Lancaster, is turned to good account in its bright contrast to the lack lustre robes of the bishops. Behind this group of ecclesiastics stands the elaborate iron grille attributed, though erroneously, to Quentin Matsys, an exquisite work, which has given to the painter the opportunity of displaying the precision of his well-trained hand. Nor must we forget a no less famed work in wood, the carved stalls, toned down by time into a deep quiet brown, which gives to the picture a much valued passage of repose. All these architectural details are made to preserve their relative proportions and to keep their respective distances, and thereby the perspective of the whole interior is definitely determined, and the scale of the figures and the dimensions of the building become reduced to the certainty of a geometric law.

On the direct Art-merits of the work we have already, by implication, passed judgment. Analysis, however, of the dazzling effect attained gives a few additional points not unworthy of note. Juxtaposition of highest light with deepest shadow, the contrast and the harmony gained by complementary colours, the foil of ruby against emerald—these are comparatively the common manœuvres by which even a tyro in the craft may hit his target. The master hand is indicated by more subtle play. In this picture, for example, the eye traverses the canvas and catches at every turn colours of tenderest modulation: whites, for instance, of varying hue—the pearly white, the creamy white, which passes into yellow, the shadowed white in half eclipse, and the white which reflects the full shower

of light. Such are the delicate mutations found to play in this picture over the satins of a duchess and across the gossamer of bridesmaids' dresses. Then, again, look at like distinctions in the qualities of blacks, and especially note the appreciable interval, and yet the close proximity, between black absolute and deep shaded purple. Examine the surface and the texture of the black dress of the bishops, broken by cool lights, and then pass to the rich purple robe falling from the shoulders of the prince. Such fine distinctions are seldom noted, and still more rarely striven after with any approach to success. Yet it is upon such subtleties that the difference depends between a work of plodding mediocrity and a feat of consummate skill. The thousands who see the finished work will applaud an art the mysteries whereof lie beyond their knowledge.

On Mayday, when these pages are in the hands of the reader, the picture we describe will make appeal from its place in the Royal Academy to the public of these realms. The people cannot fail to look with interest on a religious rite and a state ceremony wherein they feel the future destiny of the nation is deeply involved. They will, moreover, flock around this picture, attracted by its merits as a work of Art; and while they regard with affection an event which gives pledge to a people's happiness, they will pay tribute to the talent of the painter by whom this page in their country's history has been so truthfully indited and so brilliantly illumined.

MR. WINSTON'S DRAWINGS
OF OLD GLASS.

It is a wholesome feeling, this, which induces the gathering of the works of an earnest life, when the worker rests from his labour. How else in this busy age should we know the amount of labour done? In the struggle for name and fame, yesterday's work is forgotten when that of to-day demands attention; but the morrow comes, and lo! a new claimant with it, who may induce us to forget the man of to-day. It is only by collecting the works of an artist that we know the full scope of his mind: in most instances they are his autobiography.

We must refer to p. 16 of the present volume for a notice of Mr. Winston's career, which will show how devoted he was to the study of painted glass, although his own profession was a very different one. Bused in the difficulties of law, he relaxed in this favourite pursuit. His drawings exhibited at the Arundel Society were made from the most remarkable specimens of ancient glass remaining in our churches and cathedrals, and it is not too much to say the drawings themselves are quite as remarkable. As works of imitative Art, these drawings are wonderful, and we are glad to know they are to be given to our national Museum, where they cannot fail to be abundantly useful for reference. The series commences with examples of early glass prior to 1280, and concludes with the style of the "cinque cento," 1550.

In the present day, an increased taste for church decoration has led to the reproduction of windows expressly designed in various styles; and the danger is that a blind reverence for antiquity may tend to resuscitate much that is bad. The very early glass is often hideous, and the attempts of its fabricants to represent religious history are sometimes ludicrous, owing to a defective knowledge of drawing. This collection will prove, as we have said, extremely useful for reference, as historic data; but there is much we should think totally unfit for reproduction.

[It is not out of place here to state that Messrs. Parker will shortly issue a new edition of Mr. Winston's principal work, "Hints on Glass Painting," enlarged and corrected by the author shortly before his death.]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY to-day opens its ninety-seventh annual exhibition; it will be, perhaps, the most attractive, and is certain to be the most "profitable," of the ninety-seven. The famous picture of the Royal Marriage, by Frith, will add enormously to its funds: but other artists have also done great things. We are fully sure the exhibition will be honourable to the country and to the state of British Art. It is likely that the centenary of the Royal Academy will be held in their new building at Burlington House, for its members have had "notice to quit;" and the subject will be considered in Parliament probably before this number of our Journal is in the hands of the public.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The picture gallery, from what we have seen, promises to offer even greater attractions this season than at any former time. The gallery has always been a favourite "lounge:" something more than that, for it is resorted to by buyers, and the sales effected there increase in amount yearly. The pictures, especially of the English school, that were hung last month, when we visited the Crystal Palace, will certainly form the best and most interesting collection ever exhibited there.

THE BRIDGOWATER GALLERY was opened to the public last month, and will, as usual, remain open during "the season."

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Messrs. W. Bayliss, E. C. Barnes, and E. Hayes, R.H.A., have been elected members of this society.

THE ANNIVERSARY BANQUET of the "Artists' General Benevolent Institution" takes place on the 6th of May, and that of the "Artists' Benevolent Fund" on the 27th of the month: both will be held at the Freemason's Tavern, where we hope to see a large gathering of the patrons of Art and artists.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—The Chief Commissioner of Works being questioned in the House of Commons concerning "the completion" of the monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral, gave this singular answer:—"Mr. Stephens had not quite completed the model he was to prepare, and though he (Mr. Cowper) had addressed remonstrances to Mr. Stephens on the delay, Mr. Stephens had not yet informed him when the model would be ready." This is to the last degree discreditable; many years have gone since Mr. Stephens received this "commission," most of the old companions in arms of the great soldier have died; almost a generation has departed since the country granted a large sum of money to erect a monument to his memory, yet even "the model" is "not ready." If Mr. Stephens had dared thus to betray the trust reposed in him by a private gentleman, he would have been sued for damages, and have had, rightly, to pay them; but as the Nation is his employer, he seems indifferent to the issue. There must be, however, some means of exacting a penalty, and they ought to be put in force. Such facts do immense injury to Art; they lower the professional *status*, and keep away from artists many commissions the country would give if there were confidence as to the result.

INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.—The Council of this association and the members are at

* So far back as the month of April, 1859, we wrote thus in the *Art-Journal*, deriving our information from what was currently reported both in and out of the profession:—
"Mr. Stephens is busy preparing the work committed to his charge, and we understand it will ere long be shown to a select few."

issue respecting the award this year of the royal gold medal: the former naming for the honour a distinguished gothic architect, Mr. Butterfield; while the latter voted, by nearly three to one, in favour of Mr. James Pennethorne. The recommendation of the Council with respect to the award of one of the ordinary medals was also negative by the members.

THE POURTALES SALE has furnished the British Museum with some fine classic works. Chief among them is the bust long known as the "Gustinianni Apollo." This grand head, all that remains of a Greek statue of the best kind, is an acquisition of the highest interest. The wonder is, that it was not secured for the Louvre. A seated Jupiter in the grandest style, and finest possible condition, is another important work. It is a bronze about eighteen inches high, but is grand in treatment and effect as if it measured as many feet. A fine Venus, also of the Roman era, is another important addition to our bronzes. The Greek bronzes comprise two very large and elegant vases, and an armed figure of very early work, and absurd proportions.

THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.—Lord St. Leonards presented, on the 31st of March, a petition from the inhabitants of Kingston, and other adjacent parishes, praying that the cartoons may not be removed from Hampton Court. Lord St. Leonards, in presenting such a petition, sympathises with the inhabitants at the prospect of the loss of one of the great attractions of the place; but his lordship, perhaps, does not know the extent to which the cartoons have suffered in their present abiding place. The holiday crowds that resort to Hampton Court fill the small rooms so as to necessitate the opening of the windows, below which there is a fountain continually playing, whence a proportion of damp, together with dust from the outside, is carried in, sufficient, during a long course of years, to destroy surfaces so delicate as those of exposed water-colour drawings. It was suggested twenty years ago that they should be protected by glass; and that has lately been done, though, year by year, they have been perceptibly fading, until, really, of the original work of Raffaelle's pupils but little remains. Lord Granville advocated their removal, and we hope shortly to see them at South Kensington, where they will certainly be more carefully preserved than at Hampton Court.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS closed its ninth exhibition on the 22nd of March, after a season of average success. The Society has been announced as "re-constructed," but the catalogue does not render this intelligible by any appearance of improvement; on the contrary, it is felt as matter of regret that those ladies who have hitherto directed the affairs of the body should have withdrawn from the management. If the business arrangements of the institution are in the hands of any responsible committee, our advice to the administration is to conciliate, and not to repel, its best supporters.

THE death of Mr. W. F. Witherington, R.A., was reported to us on the eve of our going to press: we shall refer to the event next month.

SCHOOLS OF ART AND THE "NEW MINUTES."—We have received from various parts of the United Kingdom a mass of correspondence and printed documents relating to this subject, to which, unfortunately, we cannot direct especial attention at this time. It must suffice to say that they all express in the strongest condem-

natory terms the action of the Department of Science and Art. In all probability the matter will come before Parliament in our next month's publication appears. Mr. Potter (Carlisle) or Sir F. Crossley will, we believe, present a petition from the Yorkshire schools against the adoption of the "New Code," and application has been made to other members of Parliament throughout the country—especially where schools of Art exist—to support its prayer.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.—We state with regret that this publication has ceased to exist. The sixth quarterly part was the last. It is, in truth, discouraging and humiliating to know that there is not "a public" for Art-literature. It is so in Germany, in France, and in America; in France, indeed, two or three Art-works are issued, but they are cheap and not good; here and elsewhere, all attempts to introduce publications that shall adequately represent the Arts have been failures, with the solitary exception of the *Art-Journal*. We regarded the *Fine Arts Quarterly* as an auxiliary, and not as a rival, and had hoped that it might have so stimulated taste as to work for our benefit as well as that of its conductors. Certainly its success would have aided, and not diminished ours. It is, we say, humiliating—this conviction, that, notwithstanding the prodigious talk concerning Art, and the enormous increase of picture collectors, the English public will not support two publications by which the Fine Arts may be represented. Perhaps the patience of the proprietors was exhausted too soon; the experiment may not have been tried at sufficient length. During the first ten years of the publication of the *Art-Journal* that work never paid its expenses any one year of these ten. We had, however, both faith and hope; we persevered, and we have had our reward.

THE SOUTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION was closed on the 23rd of March, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided; and around him were grouped many influential persons who had interested themselves in the undertaking. Among them the Ven. Archdeacon of Surrey, Mr. Layard, M.P., Sir C. W. Dilke, the Hon. W. Broderick, Alderman Lawrence, Mr. G. Cubitt, and others. Mr. G. M. Murphy, secretary, read the report, from which it appears that in the forty-three days during which the exhibition was open, it was visited by 123,414 persons, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather through the greater portion of the time. The gross receipts were £1,271 7s. 11d., and though the expenses were necessarily heavy, a considerable surplus might be expected. The total number of exhibitors was 630, of whom 243 gained prizes, and 130 received "honourable mention." The meeting was addressed most affectively and appropriately by the noble chairman, the Archdeacon of Surrey, Mr. Layard, Mr. S. Morley, and others. A letter was also read from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressing his sincere regret that an appointment in Downing Street precluded his presence at the ceremony. On the 1st of April, Viscount Palmerston presented the prizes to the successful exhibitors. His lordship was accompanied to the platform by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., Mr. Locke, M.P., Mr. C. Gilpin, M.P., the Rev. Newman Hall, and many other gentlemen. The distribution assumed a profit, for the accounts had not been then audited, of £300. The first-class prize, of which there were 35 re-

cipients, was £3; the second-class, 85 recipients, £1 10s.; and the third-class, 123 recipients, a bronze medal in a case. Mr. Murphy stated that out of 120 first and second class prizeholders, 110 chose that a portion of the prize should consist of a medal similar to that given to the third-class prizeholders; 77 having selected silver medals, and 33 bronze medals. After the distribution of the prizes, a handsome ornamental timepiece was presented to Mr. Murphy by the exhibitors, as a testimonial of their sense of the services rendered by him in the capacity of honorary secretary; and Lord Palmerston then addressed those who were present in a speech, which could not fail to have a beneficial effect on the large body of the working classes who listened to it.

GOLD ROMAN COINS.—A most munificent gift has been made to the coin room of our British Museum. E. Wigan, Esq., of Highbury Terrace, who has been long known as one of our most spirited and liberal collectors, has permitted the selection, from his magnificent series of Roman gold coins, of all that were not in the cabinets at the Museum. This has added nearly two hundred coins to the collection, and among them many unique. All are of the greatest rarity and beauty. It is a gift that would realise £3,000 in the sale room. The chances of obtaining such coins at any price are few and far between, and Mr. Wigan's liberality is almost without a parallel in the history of collectors.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.—A very characteristic photographic portrait of the late Cardinal Wiseman—admirable as a work of Art—has recently been published by Messrs. Moira and Haigh. His eminence, arrayed in his gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments, is seated in a high-backed chair of rich carved work, emblematic of his high functions, with his private silver crucifix by his side. Through an open window is seen a representation of the Cardinal's own church in Rome, the church of St. Pudentiana. The photograph is large in size, exceedingly brilliant in effect, and the pose of the figure quite unconstrained. Such a work must prove particularly welcome to his admirers and followers, and is certainly not without interest to those who differ from the community to which he belonged, and who must acknowledge he "did his spiriting," as a rule, in a way to command the respect of those opposed to him. A *carte-de-visite* portrait of his eminence, which represents him habited as in the other photograph, but standing, is also published by Messrs. Moira and Haigh: it is quite equal, as a picture, to the larger one, and in the opinion of some persons would probably be preferred, for the expression of the face is undoubtedly softer and more pleasant. Both photographs were taken a few months prior to the Cardinal's decease. The smaller one was considered by him the best ever produced. It is to be enlarged for the purpose of engraving.

A STATUETTE, in bronze, of the Prince of Wales has recently been completed by Mr. Fowke, and submitted to the inspection of his Royal Highness, who appears in the uniform of the Hon. Artillery Company, of which he is Colonel. The statuette is a prize presented to the regiment by the Prince.

A STATUE OF VISCOUNT PALMERSTON is about to be executed in marble by Carl Giovanni, of Milan, for Signor Ernesto Zuccani, an opulent merchant long resident in London, and who is forming a sculpture gallery of European "celebrities." One of these works, a statue of Garibaldi, appeared in the International Exhibition of 1862; another,

that of Count Cavour, has also been finished. A model of the Palmerston statue was exhibited recently at one of Lady Palmerston's "receptions."

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—Dr. Christopher Dresser, F.L.S., whose writings and lectures upon the Art of Design are well known, delivered, somewhat recently, a lecture before the members of this society on "Ornamental Manufacture, more particularly of Glass and Crockeryware;" the groundwork of his essay being, that all ornamented Art should be considered in relation to the particular requirement of the article manufactured, and to the materials available for its production. The society's second *conversazione* of the season was held on the evening of the 23rd of March, at the Dudley Gallery, and was numerously attended.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Mr. Westmacott, R.A., recently delivered a lecture before the members of this institution, taking as his subject, "How works of Art should be looked at." The lecture was of a thoroughly practical character, urging the necessity for cultivating and improving a taste for Art among all classes of the people; and certainly not the least among those to whom such knowledge is essential are they who as purchasers or critics assume to be judges of Art.

A SERVICE OF GLASS has been recently produced by Messrs. Pellatt & Co., that demands special notice at our hands, for it is a rare and very beautiful assemblage of "Art works," comprising three hundred pieces—wine-glasses, water-jugs, finger-glasses, and decanters. The merit consists chiefly in exceeding purity: not alone of the "metal," which is literally as "clear as crystal," but with regard to the ornamentation, the designs being simple and in the best taste. It is, however, mainly to the engraving we refer, when we describe this "service" as a remarkable work of Art: it is sharp, distinct, and refined as it could have been if a line engraver wrought with his burin on steel. The result is astonishing, when we consider that the workman on glass is labouring almost in the dark; for the moment he commences, his progress is hidden by the coating of oil and emery that covers the surface. The service is a "commission," from a gentleman whose crest is a pheasant, and the initials of whose name are T. B. Hence these, with a somewhat elaborate coat-of-arms, have supplied the artist with his materials; for he has had no aids from nature or from Art:—that is to say, ornamentation, in the ordinary sense, has been denied to him, and he has been precluded from the resources, of which such artists usually make lavish use—those which the gardens and fields supply. Yet every piece of the three hundred pieces exhibits a variety of treatment, Art being shown only in the arrangement of the monogram and its "surroundings." The designs are by Mr. Girdlestone, heraldic artist and engraver, and Mr. Wood, of the firm of Pellatt & Co. To the latter, indeed, the merit of the designs chiefly belong: the monograms having been arranged by him, and the carrying out of the work having been under his immediate superintendence. It is unquestionably the most refined and beautiful service we have seen, and reflects honour on the eminent manufacturers who have produced it. It is fortunate for the progress of Art-manufacture when wealthy persons are found with judgment and taste to appreciate the value that is derived from purity of form and grace of ornamentation, rather than a display of overloading labour, that

may strike the eye, but by no means satisfies the mind; and while we compliment the producer on an achievement of the highest order, we congratulate on the result the gentleman by whom this commission was given.

PRESENTATION PICTURE.—Mr. M. Angelo Hayes's painting of 'Relieving Guard at Dublin Castle on St. Patrick's Day'—noticed last year in our remarks on the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy—was, we have only recently learned, presented to the Earl of Carlisle a short time before the lamented death of that popular viceroy and excellent nobleman. It was a graceful and appropriate *souvenir* of his lordship's long rule in Ireland, and we believe was appreciated as such by his Excellency when it arrived at Castle Howard after the resignation of his high office. As he had not previously seen the picture, it must—struck down as he then was by the heavy hand of sickness—have produced in him, in all probability, mingled feelings of sweet and painful fancies; for it represents him surrounded by his court and personal friends on the balcony of the castle, as is the custom of lords lieutenant on St. Patrick's day. The work was purchased of the artist by nearly three hundred subscribers, principally on terms of personal acquaintance with his lordship. It has great merit, and is worthy of its position at Castle Howard.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK.—Although the Company has been "wound up," we are given to understand it is not, therefore, to be considered a failure. In other hands—that is to say, under another Direction—it is said, the great work will be completed, and with more than reasonable prospects of prosperity. We believe, however, the leading Art-features will be abandoned, and that the scheme will be treated merely as a commercial enterprise.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—There was some years ago exhibited in London a series of pictures illustrative of the history of Northumberland, amongst which, it may be remembered, was a remarkable picture of the building of the Roman Wall. The painter of these scenes has completed for the Corporation of Newcastle another contribution to the pictorial history of the county, founded on the building of the New Castle on the Tyne by the Normans. The artist is Mr. W. B. Scott, late of Newcastle, now resident in London. The erection of the castle has been attributed to William Rufus; but Mr. Scott, following, perhaps, authority better accredited, makes Robert Curthose the builder of the fortress. We find, accordingly, the massive walls already rising to some height, by means of the skilled labour of a company of *francs masons* on the one hand, and of the forced work of the natives (still Danish) on the other. Robert is looking at the plan of the building, which the architect opens before him. He is attended by the future governor of the fortress, a grim old Norman warrior, whose name, by the way, as one of the trusty followers of the Conqueror, ought not to be unknown. The building rises on a green and wooded slope descending to the river, at the brink of which appear some of the rude huts of the Northumbrians of that time. Robert holds in his hand a cross-bow, with which he has shot some rooks, and hung them up overhead, as a warning to the natives, should they rise in opposition to the new order of things. In the construction of this picture Mr. Scott has spared no pains; the result is, therefore, a remarkable success.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO. By HERMAN GRIMM. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by FANNY ELIZABETH BUNNELL, Translator of "Geronimus' Shakespeare Commentaries," and Author of "Louise Juliane, Electress Palatine, and Her Times," &c. Two vols. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The student of Art-history, taking a retrospective view of the men who, during the last five centuries, have been the prominent actors on the stage, will see one figure of grave, majestic aspect towering almost in giant height of superiority above them all: this is Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who, regarded in his collective character of painter, sculptor, architect, civil and military engineer, and poet, appears on the scene without a rival; it may be said, without a rival in any age or country. It is not, therefore, surprising that his life and works have repeatedly engaged the pen of the biographer both here and elsewhere. Many years ago a sketch of the life of the grand old Florentine was written by Mr. R. Dupper; an edition of this work, edited by Hazlitt, was subsequently published. Mr. J. S. Harford's elaborate history is of more recent date; Mr. Perkins, in his "Tuscan Sculptors," lately noticed by us, devotes a very considerable space in it to the same theme; and Mr. J. E. Taylor has given us "Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet." In Herman Grimm's volumes, which Miss Bennett has rendered into English, we have another valuable addition to antecedent writings.

The author says he has been reproached with having called his book "The Life of Michael Angelo," when it should have been entitled "Michael Angelo and his Times;" certainly this would be the more appropriate name for it, for, as he says, "in truth they were one: he and the events which he witnessed." The history of Buonarroti is so interwoven with the political events of Florence and Rome during his time, that it is next to impossible to separate them without weakening the story of each. And it is because of this union *de facto* that the wording of the title becomes a matter of indifference, because the "life" necessarily includes the "times."

A great advantage Grimm has had over preceding biographers is, that he has been able to consult and use at discretion the correspondence of the Buonarroti family now in the British Museum. Count Buonarroti, the last of the race, died in 1860, and bequeathed his archives to the city of Florence, but making the acceptance of the legacy dependent on the obligation to preserve continued secrecy, and to communicate to no one the slightest information. Fortunately, however, the whole contents of the bequest were not doomed to this seclusion. A part of the heritage came by purchase into the possession of the British Museum. Here, of course, there intervened no obstacle to the use of it, and Herr Grimm says—"I came to a knowledge of three extensive correspondences, as well as a number of other documents, all in a state of excellent preservation, and lying plainly before me in the careful handwriting of Michael Angelo, legible as the pages of a printed book. A hundred and fifty letters were thus made known to me, whilst two hundred still lay hidden in Florence. At all events, the London correspondence seemed more full than the Florentine, for no one stood nearer to Michael Angelo than his father and brother, Buonarroti, and these are the letters in the possession of the British Museum." They are now bound up in three volumes, two containing the correspondence with the relatives just mentioned, and the third is filled with various documents. These papers, of which the biographer has made excellent use, throw much interesting light both on family affairs and on the circumstances attending the execution of many of Michael Angelo's works; they show us the character of the man no less than the bent and purpose of the artist's mind.

Herr Grimm will not satisfy those who look for a learned and scientific criticism of Angelo's

pictures and sculptures; but he will most assuredly delight those who can find pleasure in reading an historic-biographical story, written in a style scarcely less fascinating than—while it reminds us not a little of—Lord Macaulay's "History of England." Not only does the great Florentine artist himself pass before us, but popes and cardinals, emperors and princes, poets and painters, statesmen and warriors, those who were his contemporaries, and some who preceded or followed him,—all throng the pages of the author in an animated and highly pictorial group. The concluding chapter, which is a brief sketch of Art and literature from Michael Angelo's time to our own, and more especially of the modern German schools, contains some reflections that must be felt as truths, and truths of no consolatory character to those who desire to see Art exercising a right and pure influence on the heart and mind of men. For example, "Goethe's life," he says, "flows like an indispensable stream through the German lands. Michael Angelo in the present day would have had no more influence than Goethe would have possessed had he appeared in Michael Angelo's times. What Michael Angelo would have missed in the present day is the cultivation of the people, whose eye had in his time been prepared for him for a century; what Goethe would have missed at that time is the extent of the moral horizon, which, as things were three centuries ago, appears to us now contracted and narrow. Countries were at that time like limited seas upon which a moderate coast navigation is carried on; at the present day all the quarters of the globe form one single ocean, which is boldly traversed in all directions. To effect an influence we need stronger means than paintings which do not change their places. What is Art to us now, when nations are agitated with unrest? It hushes not the infinite misgivings that oppress us, that expectation of a great destiny which we look for like revelation. We press onwards, instead of resting and decorating places for the quiet enjoyment of life." Who is there among us that will not acknowledge, though he may not feel, the truth of this last passage? And how few are there who care to attempt to arrest the progress, even were it possible, of that mighty power which is hurrying the nations of the earth onwards to a result the wisest among us cannot foresee or determine.

Miss Bennett's translation does her infinite credit; it is done with great spirit and a most agreeable flow of language, though a little careful revision would have improved some of her sentences, where a repetition of the same words occurs unnecessarily. We notice, too, an occasional printer's error; for instance, Michael Angelo is stated to have been born in 1745, instead of 1475. The book, moreover, stands in great need of an index for reference, which ought certainly to be given if a second edition is called for. Even the headings of the chapters are omitted from the prefatory pages, a most unusual practice in works of this kind. It is a tedious and time-consuming process to be compelled to hunt through some hundreds of pages in search of a particular incident.

CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS. By WILLIAM LAWRIE. Printed for the Author, Downham Market. Though this is nothing more than Mr. Lawrie's "trade-circular," sent out in the form of a neat volume, it deserves the attention of all whose duty or business it is to prepare memorials of the departed. The author truly says—"One cannot walk through the burial-places of the dead without being pained at the absence of Art therein displayed." And it is with the view of encouraging a more artistic style of gravestones,—for monuments, strictly so called, find no place among the designs,—that he publishes this series of examples, about twenty-four in number, the majority of which are exceedingly good, and, if carried into execution, would give to our cemeteries and rural churchyards a very different aspect to that they now have. The matter of cost will always be a consideration, and Mr. Lawrie's designs, all of them more or less ornamental, would necessarily involve a larger expenditure than the simple plain upright

slab; but among this series are some which would, it may be assumed, involve but a little increase of cost, while they would greatly improve the appearance of those sacred spots where we lay to rest all that remains of our loved ones.

THE TEMPLE ANECDOTES: INVENTION AND DISCOVERY. By RALPH and CHANDOS TEMPLE. Published by GROOMBRIDGE, London.

Founded on the plan of a work—the "Percy Anecdotes"—which in our younger days gained a very wide popularity, the volume of Messrs. Temple has certainly a more instructive aim than its predecessor, which tended rather to mere amusement than mental edification. The term "Anecdotes" is scarcely suited to the book before us; "Stories of Invention and Discovery" would, perhaps, have been more appropriate, for the facts related frequently extend to greater length of description than to be called anecdotal. However, we do not care to quarrel with the compilers on the question of title, for they have put together a large mass of information bearing on scientific pursuits, that ought to prove a most welcome book to every boy, and to not a few men, unless they be void of understanding, or unmindful of knowing about persons and things whereof they are ignorant, and by whom and which the condition of the world seems to have undergone a total change within the last half century or longer.

GATHERED LEAVES: being a Collection of the Poetical Writings of the late FRANK E. SMEDLEY. With a Memorial Preface by Edmund Yates. With Illustrations. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

Subject from his childhood to a physical malady which rendered him incapable of moving about without extraneous aid, and often suffering much bodily pain from his afflicted condition, Frank Smedley was a light-hearted, pleasant companion, a man of noble and generous impulses, with very considerable powers of authorship in light literature. Fortunately he was always possessed of ample means. His pen was therefore employed as an amusement, and to beguile the monotony of a life that compelled him to remain within doors, except when he took carriage-exercise. Yet no one who has read "Harry Coverdale's Courtship," "Frank Fairleg," "Lewis Arundel," and remembers many of the descriptions and scenes related in these tales, but would suppose the writer to be a keen sportsman, a bold rider, and an active participant in the sports and enjoyments of out-door life. Mr. Smedley's vein decidedly inclined to the humorous; as his friend, Mr. Yates, says in the graceful tribute to his memory which prefaces the little volume now before us—"For the most part his novels are but the vent for that extraordinary fund of high animal spirits which, under other circumstances, would have been brought into play in adventure, in sporting, in fighting the great battle of life." Many of the poems that appear under the title of "Gathered Leaves" are altogether of a humorous character; such, for example, as "Maude Allingham, a Legend of Hertfordshire," "The Forfeited Hand, a Legend of Brabant," and "The Enchanted Net." Others are more sober, reflective, and moralising, but all are "leaves" not unworthy of being gathered and preserved from absolute decay; for, at least, they evidence the kind, genial, and cheerful spirit of the writer.

THE LAST SUPPER. By LEONARDO DA VINCI. In Coloured Lithography. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

This famous picture is known throughout the world. It has been copied a hundred times by every Art process. Perhaps there is no painting of the earlier schools so universal a favourite with all classes. It was a good thought to supply the public with a coloured copy of large size, and at a comparatively small cost: this may not satisfy the connoisseur, but it will amply content thousands, and is, indeed, an acquisition of much value.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.
EDITED BY
GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

It has often been regretted that England has no journal similar to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, treating of subjects which interest cultivated and thoughtful readers, and published at intervals which are neither too distant for influence on the passing questions, nor too brief for deliberation.

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW will be established to meet this demand. It will address the cultivated readers of all classes by its treatment of topics specially interesting to each; and it is hoped that the latitude which will be given to the expression of individual opinion may render it acceptable to a very various public. As one means of securing the best aid of the best writers on questions of LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, FINANCE, and POLITICS generally, we propose to remove all those restrictions of party and of editorial "consistency" which in other journals hamper the full and free expression of opinion; and we shall ask each writer to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity. He will never be required to express the views of an Editor or of a Party. He will not be asked to repress opinions or sentiments because they are distasteful to an Editor, or inconsistent with what may have formerly appeared in the REVIEW. He will be asked to say what he really thinks and really feels; to say it on his own responsibility, and to leave its appreciation to the public.

In discussing questions that have an agitating influence, and admit diversity of aspects—questions upon which men feel deeply and think variously—two courses are open to an effective journal: either to become the organ of a Party, and to maintain a vigilant consistency which will secure the intensive force gained by limitation; or to withdraw itself from all such limitations, and rely on the extensive force to be gained from a wide and liberal range. The latter course will be ours. Every Party has its organ. The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW will seek its public amid all parties.

It must not be understood from this that the REVIEW is without its purpose, or without a consistency of its own; but the consistency will be one of tendency, not of doctrine; and the purpose will be that of aiding Progress in all directions. The REVIEW will be liberal, and its liberalism so thorough as to include great diversity of individual opinion within its catholic unity of purpose. This is avowedly an experiment. National culture and public improvement really take place through very various means, and under very different guidance. Men never altogether think alike, even when they act in unison. In the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW we shall endeavour to further the cause of Progress by illumination from many minds. We shall encourage, rather than repress, diversity of opinion, satisfied if we can secure the higher uniformity which results from the constant presence of sincerity and talent.

We do not disguise from ourselves the difficulties of our task. Even with the best aid from contributors, we shall at first have to contend against the impatience of readers at the advocacy of opinions which they disapprove. Some will complain that our liberalism is too lax, others that it is too stringent. And, indeed, to adjust the limits beyond which even our desire for the free expression of opinion will not permit our contributors to pass, will be a serious difficulty. We must rely on the tact and sympathy of our contributors, and on the candid construction of our readers. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has proved with what admirable success a Journal may admit the utmost diversity of opinion. Nor can we doubt that an English public would be tolerant of equal diversity, justified by equal talent.

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW will be published on the 1st and 15th of every month. Price Two Shillings. The first Number will appear May 15.

* * * The First Number will open with a NEW STORY, by MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, which will be continued through the first sixteen Numbers of the "REVIEW."

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